

# COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## THE POMP OF PAGEANTRY.

HOW long the present craze for pageants will last it is impossible to say. Probably the time must come soon when the public will feel that they have seen and heard enough of the Romans, the Druids, the Saxons, the Wars of the Roses and the progresses of Queen Elizabeth. And if once the public should tire of these displays, enterprises which demand not only so much time and trouble, but so large an expenditure of money, must, of course, come to an end. At present, however, there is no sign of an abatement. The pageants of this year are more numerous and more splendid even than those of last year. Already Winchester, so long the capital of the kingdom and the centre of its religious life, has celebrated its great history, with a special reference to the Pan-Anglican Congress; and Chelsea, working on a smaller and daintier scale, has charmed large audiences by the pretty spectacle in the formerly fashionable gardens of Old Ranelagh. This week Cheltenham, which with its beautiful grounds offered greater facilities for pageantry than its neighbouring capital, Gloucester, has brought together in the Pittville Gardens historical events which happened in many parts of the county, and taking

advantage of the picturesque lake, has paid proper attention to the famous rivers—the Thames, which rises in the county, the Severn, which flows through it, the Avon, which, passing through Shakespeare's Stratford, flows on to join the Severn near Tewkesbury, even the little Chelt, which gives its name to the town. These rivers are of so much importance in the history, the scenery and even the trade and commerce of Gloucestershire, that it is only right to give them prominence in the artistic fashion arranged by the promoters of the Cheltenham Pageant. Pevensey, again, has its celebration, and towards the close of this month the great Anglo-French pageant, as we may call it, of Dover will be opened.

There can be no question that these spectacles, besides giving great pleasure to the thousands of spectators who collect to see them, are the occasions of a great deal of benefit in various ways. The profits are not always large, but it seems probable that the Winchester Pageant will result in the presentation of a very handsome cheque towards the urgent work of preventing the historic cathedral from toppling into ruins, and even at Chelsea, where some disappointment was caused at the lack of occupants for the more expensive seats, there will, we understand, be something over for the charities chosen to enjoy the surplus. But even in cases where there has been no surplus (and last summer's cold, wet weather was responsible, we believe, for one or two such cases) the pageant has had its beneficial results, partly in the pride of citizenship which the resurrection of local history cannot fail to inspire, but chiefly in the amusement and occupation which the preparation of a pageant provides. How highly these means of escape from the common round are valued by the poorer members of the community, whose amusements are, as a rule, restricted and lacking in variety, may be gauged from the eagerness with which they have been seized upon at Cheltenham. The Corporation there has no power to release its employés from their work, yet no body of men has been more active in promoting the pageant than these. Their own work has been done under conditions which meant giving up meal-times, leisure hours and even the hours of sleep; and yet the work they have done for the pageant has been entirely unpaid, and is not even of the kind which brings them prominently into notice or draws rounds of applause from spectators. And the same spirit has animated all who are taking part. Even the cottage gardens and allotments are temporarily neglected, and the weeds grow apace while the needs of the pageant are served by those who would otherwise be working in them. Moreover, this energy for the common good is no sudden spurt. It has been going on for months. And if busy people are so eager to give up their hard-earned leisure, how much more must the pageants mean to people whose time, especially in the winter, is apt to hang heavy on their hands.

From this point of view it might seem to be a good thing if every town could have a pageant every two or three years—though the public, of course, could not be expected to attend. But it would undoubtedly be of great advantage to many communities, whether town or village, if these historical celebrations, or some smaller, less elaborate adaptation of them, could be made to take the place occupied in mediæval life by the cycles of miracle plays which were performed at Corpus Christi and Whitsuntide every year. Such things bring all classes together and encourage good understanding. Still more, they develop all kinds of talent in designing and making "properties," costumes and so forth far more widely and quickly than even the various so-called guilds and craft classes which have certainly done something to relieve the monotony of winter evenings in country towns and villages, and something, however small, to solve the problem of rural depopulation. We should like to see the villages, especially, undertaking celebrations of this kind on a small scale, not for financial profit or advertisement (though no one can grudge the pageant towns what they may happen to gain in these respects), but simply because such things provide pleasant and sensible occupation and discover talent in clever brains and fingers which but for them might have lain unsuspected and undeveloped.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Lionel Faudel-Phillips. Mrs. Lionel Faudel-Phillips is the only daughter of the late Lord and Lady Granville Gordon, and her marriage to Mr. Lionel Faudel-Phillips, the youngest son of Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips, took place in April last.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



THE ceremony performed by the Prince of Wales at Leeds on July 7th reminds us of the very great work that has been done during the last thirty years in extending the University sphere in the provinces. It was in the seventies that Lord Airedale, then Mr. James Kitson, acting with a number of friends, decided to establish the Yorkshire College of Science for the purpose of providing "instruction in such sciences and arts as are applicable or ancillary to the manufacturing, mining, engineering and agricultural industries of the county of York." The founding of the college took place in 1874. At first the idea was simply to provide instruction that would be serviceable to those engaged in the various manufactures carried on in Yorkshire, but the institution was a great success. To-day, instead of the four professors with which it was started, there are thirty-two. The art side receives as much attention as the scientific, and the day classes are attended by nearly a thousand and the evening classes by eight hundred students. It is the popularity of the establishment that has brought about the need for the new buildings which the Prince of Wales opened.

The decision of the Court of Appeal in the case of Lord Chesterfield's fisheries in the Wye is one of such importance to all owners of river property that, although it is to go to the House of Lords, it should not remain unnoticed. It is quite true it lays down no new rule of law; in fact, its legal interest is that it reaffirms and supports the old rules of law as laid down by Lord Coke. For the last fifty years attempts have been made from time to time to do away with the old rules, to say they do not apply at the present day, and the courts have been too much given to trying to find a legal origin for all sorts of illegal claims made on the part of the public, or rather by the public. This was especially so in the case of angling in the Thames, when some unfortunate direction to a jury, given more from the popular than the legal side, tended to make the public believe that they possessed rights in cases where the old lawyers would have said without any doubt no such right as claimed could legally exist. The unfortunate effect of the decisions, or rather of the dicta of judges, was that it came to be regarded as the duty of the court, in all cases in which the good nature or the folly of a landowner in allowing his neighbours to fish had lasted for some time, to try to find a legal origin for it and to make it a right in the persons to fish; in other words, to treat what was only permissible as being done in exercise of a legal right. The result of this bid for popularity has been to make landowners much more chary of allowing persons to fish than they used to be. Lord Chesterfield has earned the gratitude of all anglers in showing that landowners need not, to preserve their right, of necessity prohibit all fishing.

The precise point decided in the case was this: A riparian owner (Lord Chesterfield) had for many years allowed a number of persons, the freeholders of the hundred in which the property was situated, to fish with nets without interruption, although he was well aware that these persons were constantly fishing, and of late years claiming that they had a right. At the place where they fished the Wye is neither tidal nor navigable; the soil of the bed of the river consequently, in law, belonged to the riparian owner. A right of fishing in law is one of that class of rights known as a *profit à prendre*, that is, a right to take something of value from another person's property. Such rights can and do exist in law, but they are rights which the public cannot acquire by use, however long. Rights on land, such as rights of way, the public can acquire by use, rights to take something from land the public cannot acquire, the reason given by lawyers being that the exercise of the rights by an indefinite number of persons would cause the destruction of the property. This was laid down in a celebrated case in Lord Coke's reports, and has been always recognised as law ever since. Modern decisions have, however, tried to evade it by limiting the right

claimed to a definite number of persons, such as the tenants of a mansion, and not allowing it in claims on behalf of an indefinite number like the public. The Court of Appeal have decided that no valid claim by a definite class of persons has been made out by the evidence, and so no claim has been put forward that can legally exist.

There is one very obvious precaution, or aid to success, which the dry-fly fisherman is often apt to overlook altogether, and that is keeping his reel line thoroughly well greased, so that it shall float. As a rule he is very careful about the oiling of the fly, and surely this is a useful measure for most of us, although we have the high example to the contrary of Sir Edward Grey, who has put it in writing that he eschews the practice. Most of us, at least, not having his skill, are glad of its help, and also generally remember to spread a little of the superfluity of the oil along the gut near the fly; but the reel line we often neglect. Yet the importance of its floating is obvious. If it begins to sink it is not only (though it is enough) by dragging the fly itself under that it does harm; but it also deadens all sense of touch between the angler's hand and the fly, so that when he strikes he is likely to be either too late or else so heavy-handed that there is a break. Vaseline overnight and again after drying the line well in the course of the day is the best recipe.

The Channel swim has come to be an essential part of summer, and at the beginning of July another attempt was made. Probably the very frequency of these attempts will discount the extraordinary swimming of Jabez Wolffe on Monday last. He started at five minutes past four from the South Foreland Lighthouse at high water and he did not give up till 5.55 in the evening, when he was within sight of Cape Blanc Nez. In one account it is said that he was three miles from the shore and in another only one. Unfortunately, a very stormy tide was setting against him, and after more than twelve hours in the water he could not withstand it, so that landing was impossible; but it is safe to say that his is, so far, the most nearly successful attempt that has been made to swim the Channel. He must be a man of extraordinarily fine physique, as his pace during the whole way was so great that several fine swimmers who accompanied him for part of the journey could not keep it up even for a short distance. His failure makes it more doubtful than ever that under strict conditions, that is to say, a fair start from dry land and landing on dry land, the feat can be performed.

#### TO ERIC.

Let lovers sing of roses, as only lovers may,  
And sing a rhyme for summer-time  
All debonair and gay.  
For youth will snatch at pleasure  
No matter what we say;  
Then pluck the prime nor count it crime,  
To every dog his day!  
But we, whose shadows lengthen as twilight shadows will,  
What sign, my dear, to give us cheer  
When autumn winds are chill?  
Our badge shall be the heather that blooms in autumn still;  
Come, never fear, we'll find it there  
Beyond the western hill.

GEORGINA B. PAGET.

Everybody was glad to join directly or indirectly in the rejoicings that attended the golden wedding of Mr. Jesse Collings the other day. The author of "Three Acres and a Cow" has fought a strenuous battle in life. He began, as he relates with pride, in a tiny cottage, which, we fancy, has now disappeared, although, luckily, Mr. Collings has been able to obtain and preserve photographs of it. If we consider the lowliness of his origin, and the success which he has attained, it is unnecessary to make any comment upon the persevering and industrious life which he must have led. Yet he is not one of those who have been entirely engrossed with their own advancement, a reproach to which most self-made men are peculiarly open. Mr. Collings has found time and opportunity to ponder over the needs and the welfare of his less fortunate contemporaries, and he is in this happy position that neither those who agree with him nor those who differ have ever questioned his sincerity and disinterestedness. This must be a satisfaction to him in an old age which is so hale and hearty that we can scarcely realise that fifty years ago he was old enough to be married.

The commemoration of an event fifty years after it has taken place could scarcely occur without something of pathos mingling with the celebration. Fifty years ago Alfred Russel Wallace, who was the most prominent figure at the Darwin-Wallace Jubilee, was still in the fresh, exuberant vigour of young manhood. Sir Joseph Hooker, who carries his ninety-two years so

well, was only forty-two then, and Sir Francis Galton had not reached his prime. How interesting it must have been for them, however, to have witnessed in its infancy the doctrine of evolution and have watched its steady growth for half a century. Hostility to-day has died away, the wranglings and disputes that characterised the first twenty-five years of its existence have either ceased altogether or become feeble and inaudible. It would be difficult to point out in the history of man a period of fifty years that has witnessed such an intellectual advance as that half-century which closed with the Wallace—Darwin commemoration.

Although the Daylight Saving Bill has passed the Committee stage in the House of Commons, it continues to evoke such criticism as may eventually put an end to it. The Bill itself, needless to say, is a townsman's Bill; people engaged in rural pursuits are obliged to make the best use of daylight possible. On the farm, in the garden, on the great sheep walks and on the sporting moors the working people already have to change their habits with the changing year. Many of them during the whole of summer rise very early in the morning and have perforce to go to bed very early in the evening. Thus they would be unaffected by the measure if it became law, and to some extent they govern the hours in town. Milk, fruit, vegetables and other produce of the same kind are, as a rule, despatched very early in the morning as things stand. Trains have to be run for them and arrangements made for their reception. Covent Garden, for instance, could scarcely be astir earlier than is the case at present. Indeed, many of the carts which convey produce to it travel in the dark for the purpose. Here, then, is a region of activity which the Daylight Saving Bill would not affect. There are several businesses, however, which have already advanced the hours of beginning, and there is no reason why a great many others should not follow their example.

A point completely overlooked, so far as we know, in the preliminary discussion and in the evidence, is that a vast number of clerks and other employes live in the country and come up to town to their work, the trains bringing them being most heavily laden between half-past eight and ten o'clock. Now what would be the effect on these if the hour of beginning business were advanced? Those of them who like to be up in the morning cherish the hours they have to themselves very highly. Some choose the delightful mornings for their garden work; those addicted to golf and who live near a course, declare that there is no round so pleasant as that which is played before breakfast. Early morning, too, in the summer is a good time in which to have an hour's fishing, and these are but a few of the pursuits that tempt men who formerly lived in town to take houses at some distance. It would spoil all the pleasure if they were obliged to leave their homes sooner than they do at present. As a matter of fact, a great number of them are compelled to get up early because they have from twenty to thirty miles of train journey, and perhaps two or three miles to go before they reach a station. Thus a so-called Daylight Saving Bill would be a nuisance as far as they are concerned. In *The Times* Sir Herbert Stephens has called it "the preposterous Bill," and as Mr. Mark Judge has pointed out, the word preposterous is accurately applied to the proposition that Parliament should be asked to interfere in the matter. Let us save daylight as much as ever we can, but not upon compulsion.

In the fruit gardens of Kent, the question whether to kill or not to kill the birds is one of great practical importance. It came up the other day at a meeting of the Kent Fruit Growers' Association, which had met for the purpose of discussing the best means of dealing with the caterpillar and insect pests. A number of those present considered that these investigations were due in large measure to the indiscriminate manner in which owners of gardens and orchards slaughtered the birds, the Wild Birds' Protection Act not applying to them. Those who best understand the facts will be least disposed to speak with decision on this point. If the birds are not carefully looked after, they will absolutely carry off entire crops of cherries, strawberries and other small fruit. Netting may be resorted to for strawberries with good effect and the birds allowed to have their way, but it would be a difficult undertaking to net a cherry orchard adequately and would involve considerable expense. As we have always argued, it ought to be the business of the Board of Agriculture to institute a searching and thorough investigation into the food of birds at each separate season of the year and at each separate stage of their lives. As the matter stands, the fruit-grower has no sure guidance.

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell has pointed out in very concise terms that there is no virtue in a bottle, even when used for the purpose of distributing milk. Many people seem to think that if they get their milk in a bottle, it is safe from the germs that infest the open can. But passing along an avenue of villas the other day, he saw the milk-barrel standing in the roadway, and

the milkman was on his knees apparently fastening and covering the bottles. The conclusion arrived at was that the man was actually filling the bottles which he had received from the houses. Now this is not of any use whatever; the only way in which milk can be sent with advantage in bottles is when the latter are carefully sealed at the original dairy, so that the milk may be received exactly as it came from the cow. But probably the dairy-farmers, whose resolutions we print in another part of the paper, will have something to say about the assumption of Dr. Chalmers Mitchell that there is a close relation between the death-rate and the sanitary conditions of the milk supply. They hold that the death-rate always rises with the diminution of the milk supply, and that there are more disease germs in condensed milk than in raw milk.

The Gardens of the Zoological Society have just been enriched by a very fine collection of birds of Paradise from New Guinea, some species having never before been seen alive in this country. The most remarkable of them is the species known as the magnificent bird of Paradise (*Diphyllodes speciosa*). Owing to the ravages of the millinery trade this bird is now nearly extinct, being found only in New Guinea and the island of Mysol. Eight examples in all reached the Gardens in safety. The six-shafted, or golden bird of Paradise (*Parotia sex-pennis*), runs the foregoing species very close in natural beauty. Its most striking feature is its long, slender, wire-like feathers on either side of the head, terminating in small tufts, while across the back of the head runs a band of recurved feathers of indescribable brilliancy, resembling the sheen of emerald and topaz. The plumage of the rest of the body is scarcely less marvellous owing to the wonderful play of colour in different lights. Nothing seems to be known of the habits of this bird in a wild state. Seven of these feathered gems may now be seen alive at the Gardens. Besides other species of Paradise birds, some extremely interesting specimens of the bower-birds are included in this collection, among them the curious "gardener bower-bird" (*Amblyornis inornatus*). Should these thrive we may have the pleasure of watching the wonderful "gardening" operations which have made the species so famous.

#### STAND-ALONE.

"Also granting to the same, the House and Mill called Stand-Alone."—*Old Charter.*

Black mouth! where once the doorway stood!  
Blind eyes, where once the windows took  
The light of sunsets for their own!  
No genius of the place doth brood  
Upon this Ruin! Dare I look?  
This is the House of Stand-Alone.  
Why is her ancient structure maimed  
With such untended hurts? What means  
The pillar 'neath the lintel prone?  
Moss hath her graved escutcheon shamed,  
And, scarred and cracked, the ashlar leans  
That was the plinth of Stand-Alone!  
Swart nettles hide foul creeping things,  
The nightshade and the hemlock tall  
Riot, where once trim beds were sown;  
Snails creep, where vampire ivy clings  
To this dilapidated wall  
That guards the House of Stand-Alone!

No thrushes sing, no squirrels steal  
From bough to bough: the wood is still;  
The very leaves seem carved in stone!  
The stream no longer moves the wheel  
Fern-grown and dank, beside the Mill,  
Beside the House of Stand-Alone!  
Ill-named! ill-named! Here lurks some guilt,  
The very creatures shun the place  
Whose intercession might atone  
E'en for a house to evil built:  
Alas! no prayer can now efface  
Thy strange misfeature, Stand-Alone!

ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR.

A correspondent writes to us with regard to what he describes as the curious action at night of some of the small birds in the presence of the strange and beautiful illumination of the sky which has been so much noticed in the first nights of July. He speaks of the little birds twittering from time to time in the bushes as if they believed this illumination to be the dawn. But the truth is, that this is not at all an unusual action on the part of small birds in the nights of high summer. Birds are more vocal, even in the dark hours, than is generally supposed, and there is virtually no darkness, even apart from the abnormal afterglow which has appeared this year, in the July of the Midlands and of Northern England. The shine of particles in the air still catching the sun's rays, is the most probable explanation of the illumination. It is almost certainly not of the nature of an aurora, nor, again, of Zodiacal light. But,

whatever it is, it is more remarkable than the occasional nocturnal twittering of the birds.

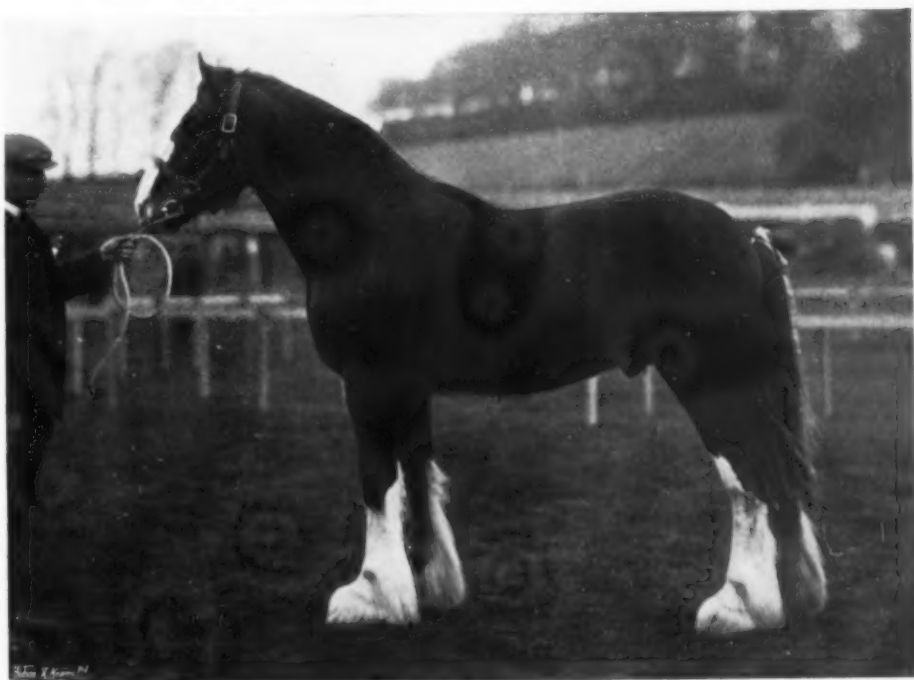
Forest fires and heather fires have been so prevalent lately, the police have found themselves so incapable of apprehending the perpetrators in the cases where wilful arson has been suspected, and the legal authorities, it may be added, have shown such extreme indifference when a conviction has been obtained, that we may well begin to wonder whether any of the wild heather in the country will long remain. The frequency of the fires on Ashdown Forest has recently furnished Lord Robert Cecil with a text for some remarks in the House of Commons; fires in the New Forest have produced indignant letters in the papers; and more lately we hear of a very extensive fire on the Quantocks, which burnt for several days, and has reduced the whole of a great hillside of more than 1,000ft. high to a mass of smouldering ashes. It is to be hoped that the majority of these fires are caused by accident, and not malice, and it would be well if the

smoker who throws aside a lighted match would realise the immense destruction of property of which his carelessness may be the origin.

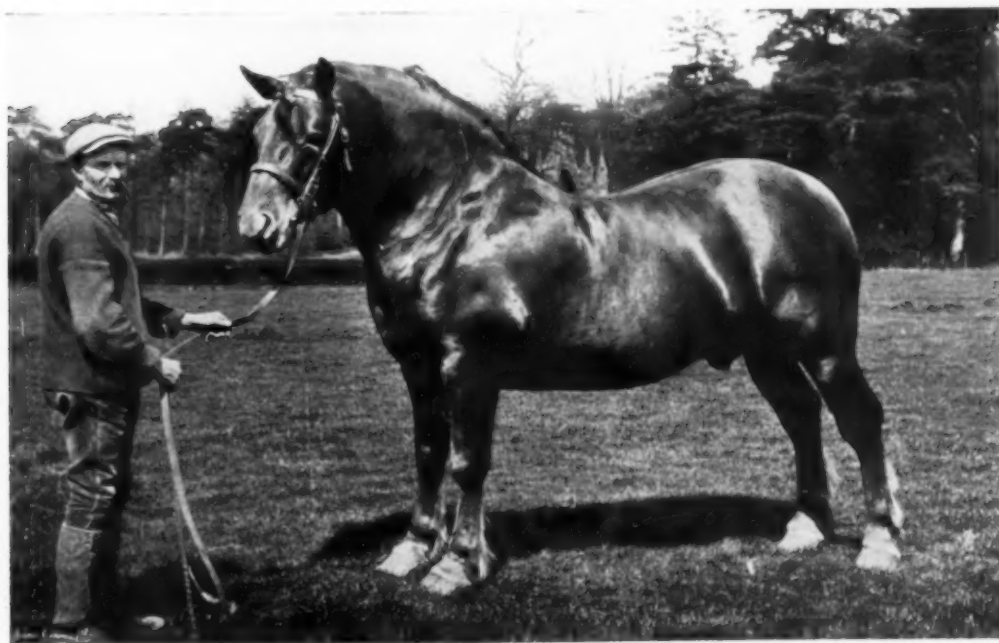
The world would have been much poorer, and would have laughed much less, had the late Mr. Joel Chandler Harris not put those "Uncle Remus" stories into writing; but it is interesting to recall that he had not, in writing them, an idea that he was making what would be regarded by very many as a "funny" book. He was simply putting on record what may be called the folklore stories which every "darkey" told. How it may be now, the present writer is unaware; but he does know, from first hand experience, that twenty years ago, in Virginia, these stories might be heard from the mouth of many an old "darkey" almost word for word as "Uncle Remus" tells them. It is really their diction which made them seem comic when they came to us; but in the "darkey's" own mind they were tales of simple wonder rather than of mirth. Perhaps he almost believed them.

## THE ROYAL AT NEWCASTLE.

**N**ORTHUMBERLAND in a splendid manner has vindicated its claim to be called one of the leading agricultural counties of Great Britain. Many people in the South of England associate it chiefly with mines and factories. Northumberland to them means smoky Newcastle and the coal Tyne. But, of course, those who have given any particular attention to the matter are aware that great tracts of this county are absolutely free from factory chimneys and pitmen's houses. The landscape, examined from one of the eminences that are so common, is dotted with peaceful homesteads, the majority of them roofed with red pantiles and sheltered by trees. Students of economical science might well find material for thought in the exceptional character of Northumberland agriculture. Everything is on a greater scale than in the South; the farm servants, or hinds, as they are generally called, are bigger and stronger than the Southern peasant; the farms are larger, wages and rents are both higher. Yet the profits seem to be better also, and it has been found by experience that the poor labouring man may work his way into a considerable holding by the exercise of ordinary thrift and industry. Some weeks ago a well-informed contributor to our pages gave a long



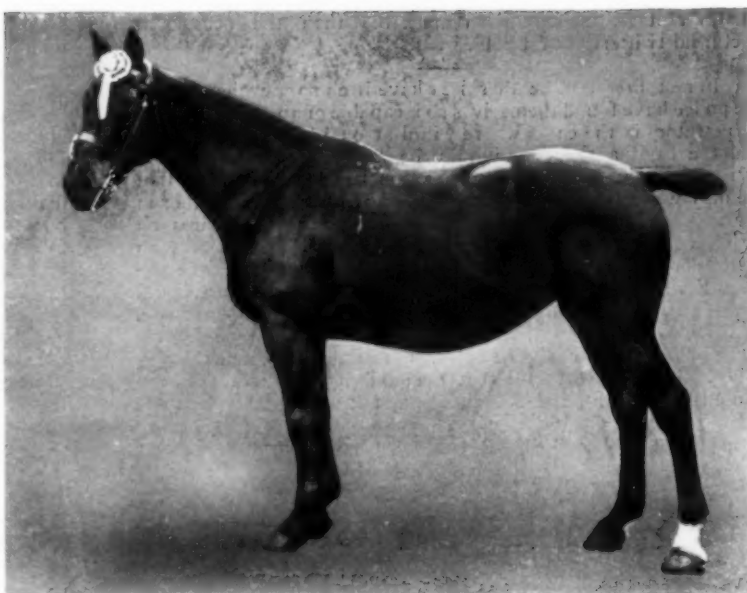
BONNIE BUCKLYVIE: CHAMPION CLYDESDALE.



MAJOR GRAY, THE KING OF PUNCHES.

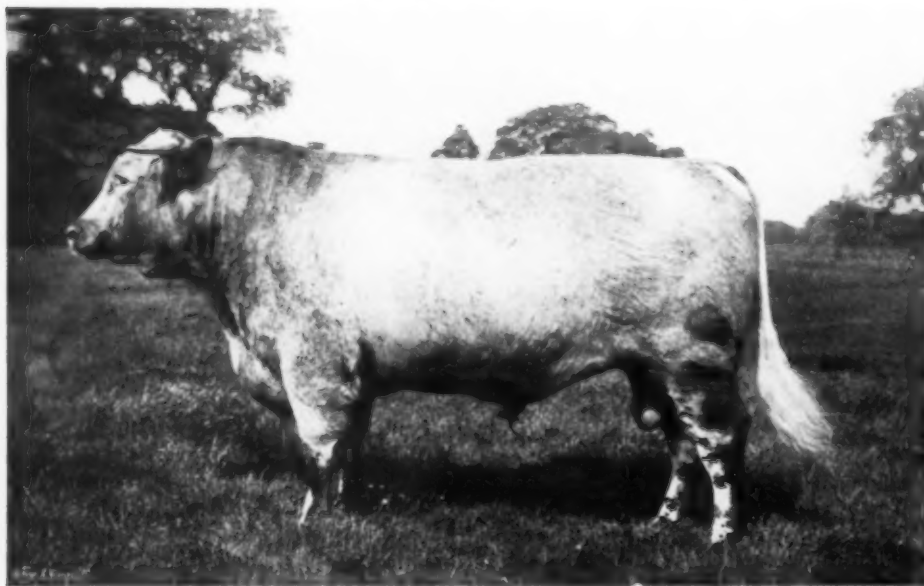
list of men in his immediate neighbourhood who, during the course of the last quarter of a century, have climbed up from the foot of the ladder which is thronged with poor workers into the position of well-to-do farmers. The list could easily be extended by those who have the requisite local knowledge, for the hind finds it comparatively easy to save a little money. He is paid good wages in cash, and is under little temptation to spend them, as the ordinary food of his household is derived to a large extent from the payments made in kind. His 1,500yds. or 1,800yds. of potatoes alone effect a considerable saving in the weekly expenditure, and, unlike the Southern peasant, he is usually engaged for a year, and paid in sickness and in health, in rain and shine. Self-made farmers, however, do not form a class which is very strongly addicted to the breeding of pedigree livestock, and it must have been a surprise to find that the Royal Agricultural Show received such a splendid measure of support. Yet the

fact is that almost every day the record in attendance was broken. It is too soon yet to forecast the financial results, but they can scarcely be other than satisfactory, as a total amount of £15,749 8s. was taken at the gates. In all 213,867 people passed the turnstiles, a number exceeded only once in the history of the show—namely, at Manchester in 1897. But on that occasion the show extended over six days, and on the last day 22,000 people attended; so that the five days at Newcastle make a record, the nearest approach to it being the 1869 show at Manchester, in which year it may be noted that the profit was over £9,000. Friday seems to have been the favourite time for going to the show, as the number of visitors that day beats everything that had previously been recorded. The reasons for this are not difficult to decipher. Chief among them may be placed the new spirit of enterprise that has been developed within the society itself—the new hon. show-yard director, Sir Gilbert Greenall, carrying out the wishes of a council that has been immensely strengthened, has brought the exhibition far more closely than used to be the case within the requirements of farmers. He has been splendidly seconded by Mr. T. McKow, the secretary. A great deal must also be attributed to the loyalty of the North. The people were extremely proud of the fact that the Prince of Wales, who paid a visit to the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle, was a visitor at the show. He set an example that has been widely and successfully followed by those who are anxious to encourage what still remains the greatest industry of this country. No doubt, too, the weather was a very considerable factor in causing previous records to be beaten. It was delightful throughout, so that holiday-makers could, while scrutinising the pick of the herds and flocks of Great Britain, enjoy sunshine that was always tempered by the cool breezes characteristic of this part of the country. It may also be said, without much fear of contradiction, that the farmers at the present time are more prosperous than they have been for at least two decades back. They could afford to give themselves and the members of their household a holiday so appropriate to their calling, and they went in troops to the county town. It is also creditable to the zeal and enterprise of the great breeders of livestock that they sent the very best representatives of their animals to this distant part of the country. Northumberland is to a large extent a grazing county, and many of the tenants depend for their livelihood on the sale of fat stock. It was, therefore, natural that the national breed of shorthorn cattle should be well represented; but it was a pleasant surprise to find that not only was this the case, but that the display was the largest and probably the best that has ever been brought together at a show of the Royal Agricultural Society, nor was it chiefly local in its character. There were representatives from every county in Great Britain—as far North as Ross-shire and as far South as Cornwall and Somerset. It took the judges more than a day to agree as to their merits, and in the case of Sir Richard Cooper's bull, Chiddingstone Malcolm, which received the prize for the male championship, the struggle was extremely close, and many good judges were of the opinion at the end that the more symmetrical Pride of Tees, belonging to Mr. George



THE CHAMPION POLO PONY: ACTRESS.

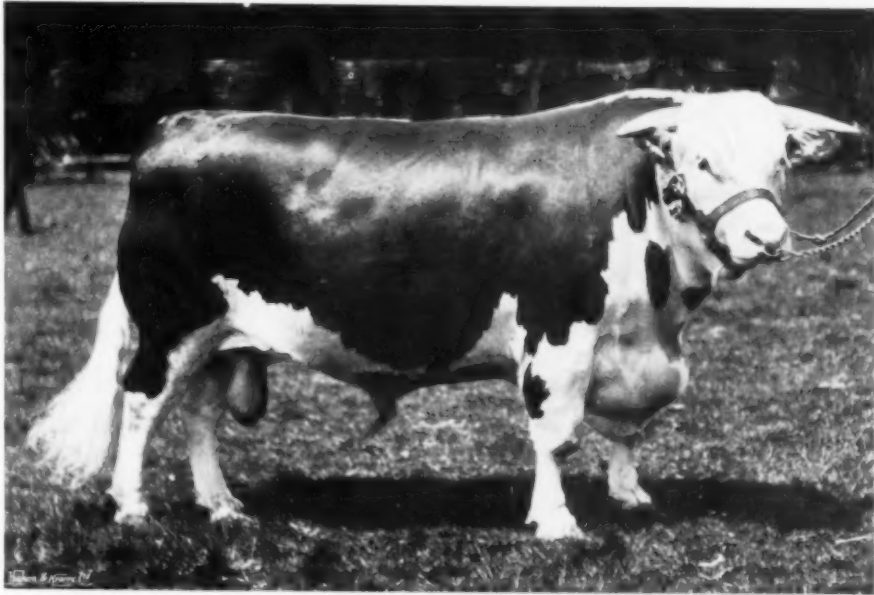
Harrison, and bred by Mr. C. H. Jolliffe, was the better animal, although allotted the reserve place. It is pleasant to record that the King won the female championship for his unbeaten heifer Marjorie, whose victory was never for a moment in doubt. The champion dairy shorthorn was shown by Lord Rothschild, and the reserve by Mr. C. R. W. Adeane. Both of these owners have devoted a vast amount of time, trouble and capital to the development of the dairy properties of the shorthorn cow, and it is, therefore, most satisfactory that they should divide the honours between them. Another breed that was represented in a manner that had not previously been surpassed was the Aberdeen-Angus, which belongs to a type of cattle very much in favour in a beef-producing county. Here the struggle for the championship was as keen as it well could be; it lay between Mr. D. M. Macrae's Everlasting of Ballindalloch and Mr. J. J. Cridlan's Everwise, these two being far in front of the other competitors. The coveted prize eventually went to Mr. Macrae; but Mr. Cridlan, if beaten, was not disgraced, his splendid bull being only a shade, if at all, inferior to the winner. We can only give the briefest notice of the other breeds. The championship for the best Hereford bull was won by Mr. G. D. Faber, the King showing the reserve. Mr. A. E. Hughes had the best cow of the same breed. Mrs. A. C. Skinner won the championship for Devons and Mr. E. E. Braby that for the best Sussex bull. Lord Cranworth produced the best red-polled bull and Sir Richard Cooper the best red-polled heifer. The Duke of Buccleuch carried off the championship for the best Galloway bull and Messrs. Biggar and Sons that for the best Galloway cow or heifer. Mr. A. Miller Hallett showed the best Jersey bull, with Lord Rothschild as reserve; Mr. J. L. Tillotson produced the best Kerry and the King the best Dexter. Lately the Royal have been devoting



CHIDDINGSTONE MALCOLM: THE CHAMPION BULL.

more attention than before to hunters at their exhibitions, and this proved a very popular part of the show in a county where every gentleman farmer rides to hounds. The class was excellent both in numbers and quality; indeed, it was the best in the horse section of the exhibition, and it was particularly satisfactory to notice that the young animals were full of promise, showing that the breeding of hunters has received a much-needed stimulation. The championships were won by Mr. E. W. Robinson for the best mare and by Lord Middleton for the best filly. Hackneys, too, were a good class, the best hackney stallion being found in Sir Walter Gilbey's Flash Cadet, whose photograph we showed two or three weeks ago. The gold medal for the best hackney mare or filly went to Mr. R. P. Evans for his District Maid. In polo ponies Mr. S. Mumford took the gold medal offered for the best stallion or colt, and Mr. John Barker for the best mare or filly. Mr. Mungall showed the best Shetland pony. The heavy horses were not

quite so numerously represented, but the Northumbrian farmers had an opportunity of studying the points of several of the great winners. Lord Rothschild showed the best stallion in Halstead Royal Duke, and Mr. Bradley the best female in Halstead Duchess III. Mr. Brydon produced the champion Clydesdale stallion in Bonnie Bucklyvie, and Mr. J. E. Kerr the best female in Nerissa. The challenge cup, value fifty guineas, offered for the best Suffolk stallion was won by Mr. A. J. Smith. In sheep Mr. Adeane received the gold medal for the best Southdown ram, with the King as runner-up; Sir J. Colman was first for ewes, with Sir J. Wernher as runner-up. Mr. H. C. Stephens produced the best pen of Hampshire rams; Messrs. Dean and Sons the best Lincoln rams; Messrs. Cameron and Sons the best border Leicester ram, with Mr. A. J. Balour as runner-up. The best Cheviot ram or ewe was shown by Mr. J. R. C. Smith. Mr. A. W. White produced the best large white pig, and Mr. Paget the best middle white; Mr. Ibbotson the best boar; Mr. Jefferson the best Berkshire pig; Mr. Marriner the best large black boar; Mr. Kingwell the best large black sow; Messrs. Ward and Son the best Lincolnshire curly-coated boar; and Mr. G. Freir the best Lincolnshire curly-coated sow. The last-mentioned is something of a novelty. It is claimed for the Lincolnshire curly-coated pigs that they are the hardiest of their kind. They have been bred for a great many years, although there has not been a register kept until the last few years. We understand that an interesting contest is likely to come off at the next Smithfield Show, curly coats being pitted, weight for age, against Yorkshire whites, the pigs to be under one year of age. The bet is £20 a side. Mr. Caudwell will show the curly pigs and Mr. Henson the Yorkshires.



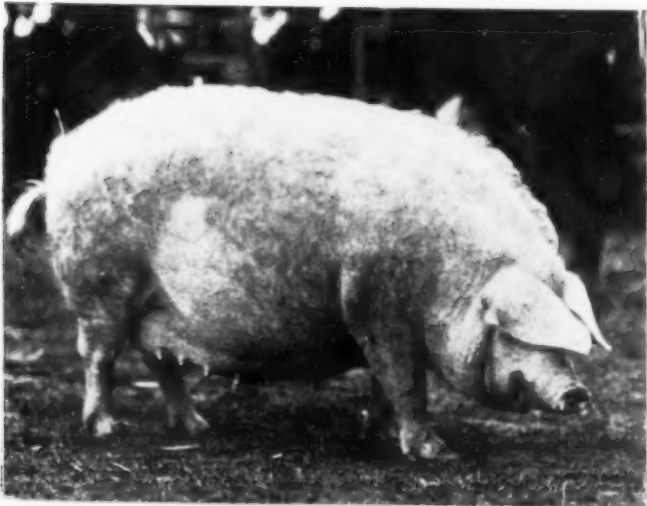
ROB ROY: THE CHAMPION HEREFORD.

Shire could drag the plough as easily as the cross-bred animals now in use, while the cowshed might as well be full of shorthorns as the mongrel cows so frequently to be seen in the North.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

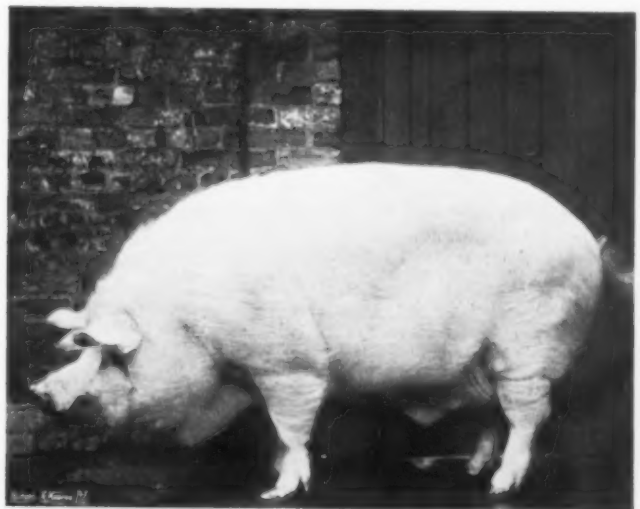
FOR a day or two there has been lying on the editorial chair a curious specimen of bookmaking, which goes under the title of *The Ideal of a Gentleman; or, a Mirror for Gentlefolks: a Portrayal in Literature from the Earliest Times* (Routledge and Sons). The editor is Dr. Smythe-Palmer, who tells us that he has been working at the volume for some twenty years. His first idea was to make a florilegium or anthology of the more striking passages of literature illustrative of "the most venerable of all titles, the title of a gentleman." But as years passed the material grew, until it has turned into something like a cyclopædia of gentleness. We are not of those who find delight in reading a dictionary, and cannot pretend, therefore, to have perused all the contents of

this curious book. But it is an amusing volume in which to graze, and may be useful for purposes of reference. To-day we find in the world a very great mixture of classes, and the general idea of a gentleman has been to some extent modified. Yet essentially it remains the same as it was before. We have a number of comparative terms in circulation, a study of which discloses the root idea of the matter. For instance, it is common to speak of a business gentleman, a professional gentleman and so forth. The use of a prefix such as business generally means that there is a certain limitation in the application of the term; that is to say, a business gentleman is not a



A CURLY-COATED CHAMPION.

Altogether, the County of Northumberland has reason to congratulate itself on having been the scene of a meeting so brilliant and successful. The show was instituted for the purpose of carrying the light of higher agriculture into the dark places of the land, and many a farmer, who tills the ground by the banks of the Tyne or the Till, the Coquet or the Glen, will have gained an invaluable lesson as to the results that may be produced by the best breeding and the best feeding. Perhaps it may even dawn on some of their minds that a handsome and saleable



"TURK."

gentleman absolute. If the saying be true, we know that certain attributes will be discoverable in the object of it. In business the first quality of a gentleman is that his word is as good as his bond; that is to say, the slightest promise made at any moment will be fulfilled as carefully as though it has been part of a contract drawn up and sealed. The question is not exactly one of morality. There are people who could justify themselves for breaking their word occasionally. As, for example, when a promise has been exacted by means of terror. Suppose, for

instance, that a thief were to hold up a revolver in front of his victim and say, "You must on your oath promise to bring a sum of money, say two hundred pounds, in sovereigns, to me on a certain date without taking measures for my apprehension, and unless you promise this, as a gentleman, I will shoot you on the spot." Most of us would, under such circumstances, give the promise; but the question has been raised how far it would be proper to fulfil that promise. No doubt there are some men so honourable that they would keep it to the letter; they would appear at the appointed place with the requisite number of sovereigns, but take care that the officers of the law lurked in the background, so as to apprehend the blackmailer as soon as the operation was terminated. Others would consider that a promise made under such compulsion was not obligatory at all, and disregard it. A third might give the villain of the piece ten minutes after paying the specified sum and then set the detectives in pursuit. On moral grounds it may be possible to justify any or all of these courses, but we know that a gentleman would refuse to have anything to do with them. In the first place, it would be part of his true gentleness that he would not make such a promise unless he meant to fulfil it. He would not forfeit his claim to the title if he said to the robber, "I will enter into no contract with such as you; use your revolver if you like, but if I get a chance I will retaliate." If he made the promise, however, he would be bound to keep it not because he owed it to the blackmailer, or that society would expect it of him, but for the sake of his own reputation. *Noblesse oblige*, and the ideal gentleman would pay his ransom and pay no further attention to the scoundrel who had exacted it. The standard of conduct is very high; still, we believe not higher than that of the true gentleman of to-day. R. Braithwait, in "The English Gentleman," says:

He scorneth baseness more than want; and holds Noblesse his sole worth.

The worst of the old writings about a gentleman, of which we have so many before us, is that they are vague. The writers talk in sound generalities of the abstract qualities that were supposed to belong to a gentleman; but this of good faith was ever held in supreme honour. W. J. Thoms, in the "Book of the Court," recalls the fact that

Francis I. is said to have regarded "Foi de Gentilhomme" as a more solemn asseveration than "Foi de Roi," and used it as more emphatic when he wished to be believed.

The second section of the book is devoted to what is called the "Essential Quality of a Gentleman," but we do not feel that, after all, the essence has been extracted. We have a great deal of the amiability which is illustrated in the saying:

The sothe noblesse cometh of the gentyle herte. Forsothe non herte ne is gentyl hote he lovye God. Thenne ther ne is non noblesse hote to servie God and lovye, ne vyleynne note ine the contrarie, that is God to wrethi (enanger) and to do sinne.

This may be quite true, but it does not carry us very far, and it is doubtful if the modern spirit would accept such a statement as the following:

Oute of a gentille herte shulde neuer come velenye word no dede, for by chidyng is knowe (known) the gentil from the vilanie, that speiketh it with his mouth. And therfor it is gret gentillesse and nobillesse to be patient and humble, and not to chide, nor to strue in speche with suchie as be not wise.

It would be more in accordance with the thought of to-day to say that he is a gentleman who utters his thought in straight and direct speech, who is not afraid to let his anger be seen, while the man who is not a gentleman would prophesy smooth things with his mouth and not believe them in his heart. Patience and humility are virtues not in very high fashion at the moment. But the following passage from Merlin would apply as much to-day as when it was written:

and in tho dayes gentilmen were so trewe, that thei wolde rather lese (lose) theire lif than be for-sworn.

There is a great deal about the wickedness of sinning which belongs to the time when the Roman Catholic faith was in the ascendant. To-day it is generally reckoned better that a man should be himself, live his life, show his true individuality and not cloak anything over with a semblance of decency. Therefore, we may acquiesce, but we do not feel interested in such a statement as that

A gentleman borne of noble blood ought to be intirely good.

It is known that nobody is entirely good, and the standard set up here is unattainable. If we pass from the essential quality of a gentleman, we come to the "Herald's Gentleman," on which there cannot be much disputation. The very perfect gentleman must have gentle blood in his veins. It is quite true in a sense that Nature's gentleman may take the shape of a shepherd or a ploughman, but he is a gentleman only in a restricted sense. There needs to be, with the qualities of heart which we hope will ever be respected, a certain cultivation alike of mind and body before the ideal is reached. But there are certain qualities of a gentleman that may be attained by all. For example, a true gentleman, whether he be rich or

poor, learned or unlearned, will always know by a kind of instinct how to distinguish between his own business and that of other people. Tennyson meant no more and no less than this when he gave as a conspicuous feature in the character of his ideal knight the fact that "he spake no slander, no nor listened to it." For the present purpose, slander may be defined as the discussion of other people's business, which is always more or less of an impertinence. No rule can be laid down to show exactly the point of contact at which the business of someone else touches upon one's own; but this is exactly where the instinct of a gentleman comes in. He may know that it is his duty to ignore, for example, poverty that he cannot help; but poverty that he can help may become his own urgent business at once. He will not enquire into the privacy of anyone for the mere purpose of gratifying curiosity, yet at the same time, he is aware that there are conditions under which such enquiries become not only justifiable, but the necessity of a kindly heart. Another point on which old-fashioned people used to insist, and which endures to this day, is a man's treatment of his guests. The *nouveau riche* seldom has the courage to carry out the unwritten law that all who are invited are on equal terms as soon as they come beneath his roof. He will insist on making small social distinctions at his own dinner table, but it is quite otherwise with those very great gentlemen which England produces more freely than any other country in the world. When the host is of an assured position, not only as regards wealth, but as regards social standing, he may despise the little differences that prevail in a miscellaneous company of guests. Were it not invidious to do so, we could mention the names of several men of the time who carry this ideal into the practice of their daily lives, who are in the habit of inviting such guests as they are interested in, quite independently of their means, and who feel it a point of honour to treat such guests exactly as they would treat the highest in the land.

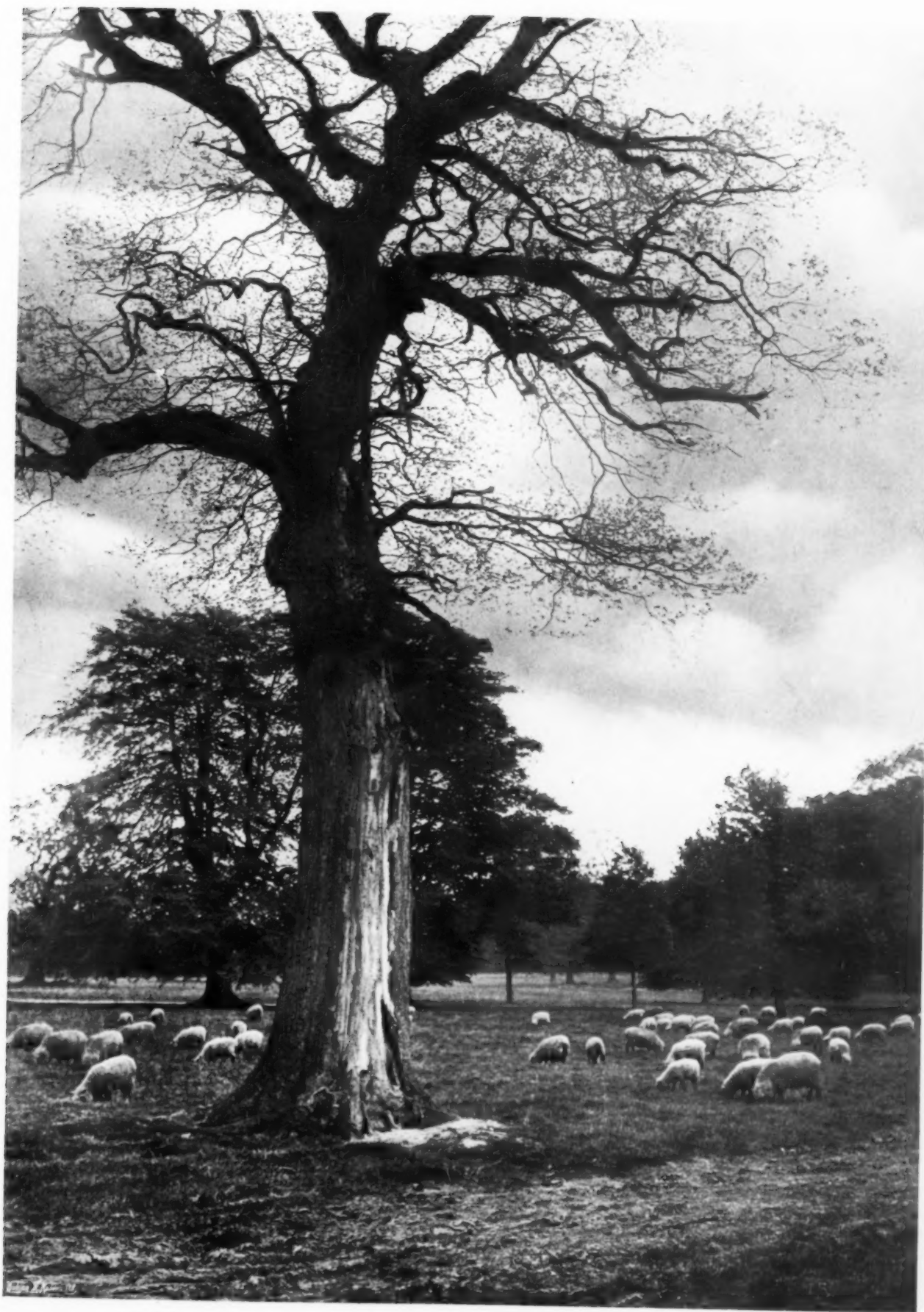
## FROM THE FARMS.

A VOICE FROM THE DAIRIES.

THE resolutions passed at the recent Dairy Conference, and transmitted to the Board of Agriculture, are of so practical a nature that they must exert an influence over any legislation that may be attempted. The first resolution was that the enforcement of any new regulations in respect of farms and farm-buildings should be in the hands of the Board of Agriculture. Here we discern a distinct suspicion of the local authorities, and this comes out again in other resolutions that have also been moved and carried. For instance, it was moved by Mr. Hitchen of Nantwich that whatever standard of cleanliness may be deemed necessary for milk, such standard should be fixed for the whole country by the Local Government Board, and not left to the discrimination of local authorities. Those resolutions which are directed towards the agitation which has been got up about the alleged connection between impure milk and the infant mortality deserve the careful consideration of the Local Government Board as well as the Board of Agriculture. One of the most important is the desire that a standard should be fixed by the Board of Agriculture for condensed milk. No one is likely to deny that the condensed milk imported into this country varies extremely in quality, and it is of little use exercising a stern control over the home dairies if adulteration is permitted in those that are carried on abroad. Very significantly it was resolved "that all condensed milk which in its preparation has been skimmed, separated or deprived of any portion of its butter-fat should be marked in large letters, 'unfit for the food of infants.'" This resolution is backed up by the authoritative statement that infantile mortality is greatest where the consumption of fresh cows' milk is smallest.

### AN IMPROVED OUTLOOK.

It is proverbial that the British farmer is prone to grumble, but for once it must be hard for him to find ground for complaint. He had to a very great extent saved an abundant hay-harvest before the storm broke, and this harvest, be it remembered, was as notable for its excellence as for its quantity. It is true that a great deal of hay is still uncut, and some of it was lying in swathes during the storm, but it has received no injury of a permanent kind. The sunshine of June has done wonders in bringing forward and improving the hay crop. It has also had a most salutary effect on the cereals. Winter wheat, which made a bad appearance last autumn and languished visibly during the cold spring, has now picked up wonderfully. Oats and barley are also doing fairly well. All of these crops have been much benefited by the copious rains that fell on Saturday night and Sunday, while there was no such continuation of wet weather as to inflict any injury upon them. The pastures up to last week had in many cases been dried and burnt up by the sun, but the rain has had a reviving effect on



TIME'S HONOURABLE SCARS.

them. This gives all the more satisfaction, because of the steady rise in the price of wheat. We notice that the latest of the returns of market prices issued by the Board of Agriculture begins with a remark which cannot but be pleasing to the farmer; it is, "The fat cattle trade continues good, and prices for fine stall-fed beasts on the whole are fractionally higher, while second quality cattle have also been a better trade, as much as 36/10d. per live hundred weight being paid at Carlisle for quite second-rate bullocks; bulls have made as high as 36/- at Perth, and fat cows from 30/- to 34/- per live hundred weight." The shortage of the foreign supply still accounts for the rise, but the reporter is doubtful if the high prices will be maintained when the grass-fed beasts, which are beginning to come in, take a prominent place in the market. At any rate, there does not seem much danger of prices falling all at once. If the weather continues at all favourable, it seems likely that we shall have a late, but good, harvest; at least, one that is rather above than below the average.

#### A QUICK HAY HARVEST.

To cut the grass on Wednesday and carry it on Saturday—carrying the hay on the fourth day after first laying the scythe or mower to the field—this is a quick farming operation which is not seen very often in this country. It has been seen this year, however. With a continuance of bright sun and of strong easterly wind just at the important time, the hay has almost made itself as it lay, without being turned more than once, and this, although in some cases it was cut rather early and when somewhat full coloured and green. In this state, however, if well saved it gives the best nourishment to stock. In the South, where the writer had his experience of the haymaking, the crop was a fairly good one, though a little on the light side, but the up-country reports show better results than this. There is much fear that, so far as the hay goes at least, the British farmer will find himself defrauded this year of his blessed privilege of grumbling. Of course, the moment the hay was in, he was able to begin grumbling about the drought.

## A FAMOUS ENGLISH BOOKBINDER.

By SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, BART.

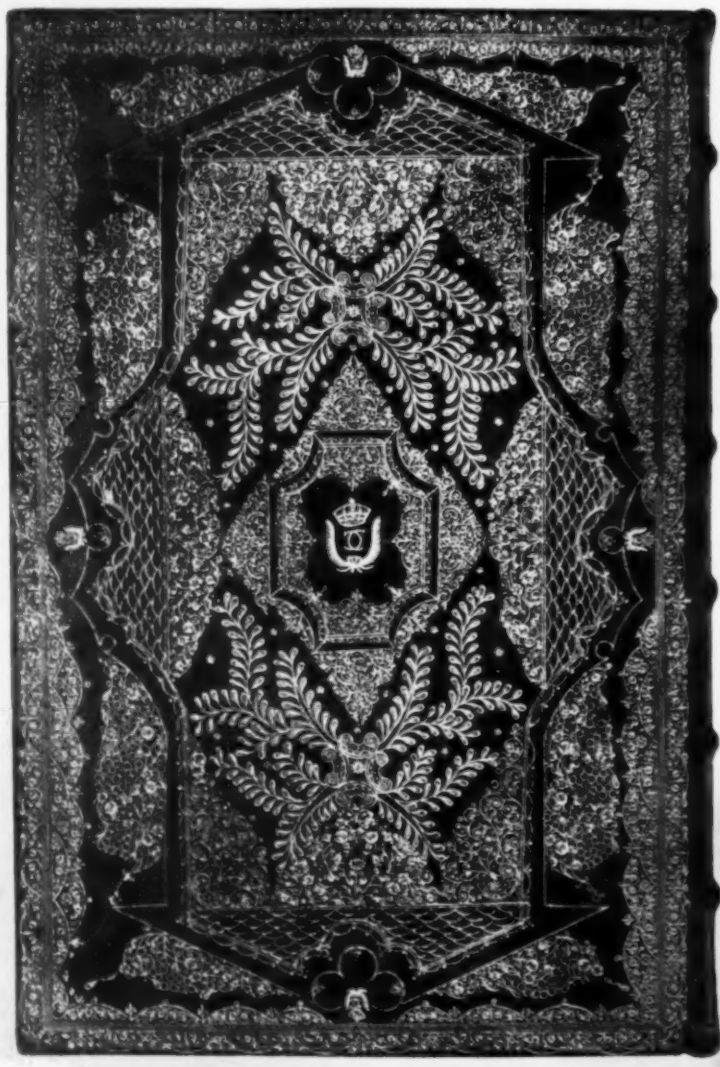
IF the eminence and importance of an artist-craftsman is truly measured by the number of his imitators, then Samuel Mearne may assuredly be reckoned the greatest of our English bookbinders, for ever since the introduction, under his artistic genius, of the novel and gorgeous designs in gold tooling which have long been identified with his name, numberless copyists and borrowers, knowingly or unknowingly, have unmistakably written themselves down in their works as pupils of his dominant school. To say so is, however, no reflection upon the craftsmen who came after him. Mearne himself, strong as may have been his individuality in the matter of original design, was, like the artist bookbinders of every age, indebted to some extent to his own immediate predecessors—and, as a matter of fact, each of those who in a general way made his designs their models, contrived to add that characteristic something which marks the nationality or the temperament of the later artist, who, in so doing, honestly acknowledges the teaching of a great master, while at the same time adapting earlier decorative ideas to the tastes of his own period, and extending these ideas into fresh artistic lines to meet the prevalent conceptions of another age or country. The continuity of artistic principles is as well established in bookbinding designs as in any other art; and where that continuity does not exist, the art itself must be on the verge of extinction.

It is only in recent years that we have come to acquire any trustworthy information as to the life and work of Samuel Mearne. Those interested in the history of bookbinding were, of course, aware that he held the office of King's Binder to Charles II., and that he had bound many sumptuous volumes, not only for the library of his royal master, but for others among the general public as well. No close study, however, had been made of the new and effective designs

of which he was the author, or of the characteristic stamps of which these designs were built up; and still less had any attempt been made to distinguish his bindings from the numerous other examples which still survive from the period at which he was at work. All interested in such studies will cordially congratulate Mr. Cyril Davenport on his admirable monograph, "Samuel Mearne, Binder to King Charles II.," published by the Caxton Club in 1906. It is replete with authentic details bearing on his life and labours, contains an exhaustive analysis of his brilliant designs and the component parts of which they are constructed, and is furnished with a series of illustrations of Mearne's best bindings, reproduced in gold and colours by Messrs. Griggs in all the perfection of their well-known way. The volume is a worthy successor to the author's companion work on Thomas Berthelet, previously published, and it is, we understand, to be followed by another volume on Roger Payne, the series being intended to form a history of the three greatest English binders in the past. For a good many years before the appearance of Mearne the art of bookbinding, speaking generally, had been at a low ebb in England.

There was no great English binder beyond the ordinary trade level during the reigns either of James I. or Charles I.; and gorgeous as many of the bindings made during the earlier half of the seventeenth century are, they nevertheless do not reach any standard of excellence higher than that of fine trade bindings.

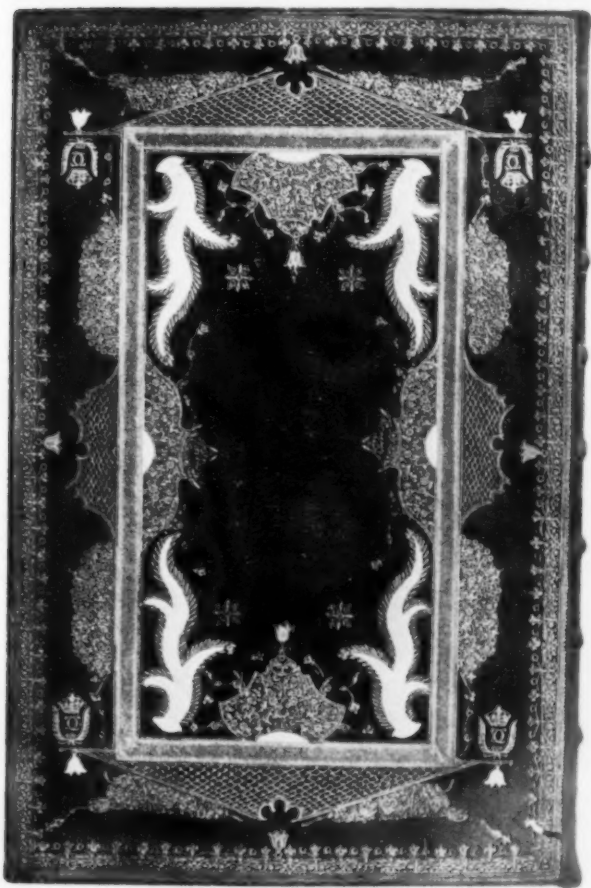
Strong confirmation of this fact is to be found in the very terms of the Royal grant, dated 1660, under which Mearne was appointed to the office of Bookbinder to the King—the *Habendum* of the document running, "to have and to hold . . . for the term of the natural life of the said Samuel Mearne in as large and ample manner as John Bazeman Abraham Bateman and John Harrison formerly enjoyed the same"—for King's binders though they were, I doubt if any work identified with



BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, 1669.

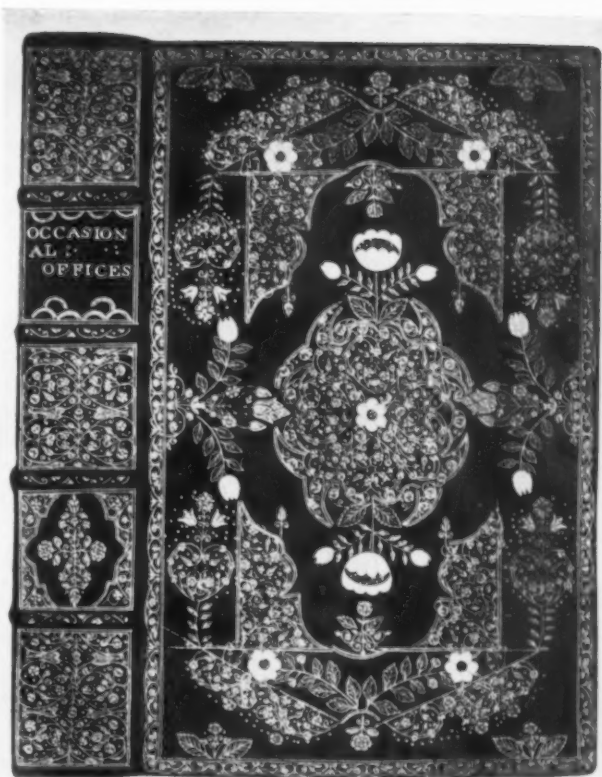
these three names is known to anyone to-day. The only exception which can be taken to Mr. Davenport's statement is in connection with the bindings of the so-called Protestant Nunnery of Little Gidding, founded by Nich. Ferrar, some few examples of which, dating from 1630-40, fall little short of what Mearne himself has achieved. At the time when Mearne was making his name as a decorative artist in the craft, the country was in the throes of the now historic struggle which raged between the Stationers' Company and the pirate printers, the struggle which produced Milton's "Areopagitica." Mearne, who, it is believed, was a highly trusted agent of the King, played an important part in this contest. There are, as Mr. Davenport tells us, several references to him in the State papers of the time as a sleuth-hound after unlicensed presses; and in May, 1668, he was rewarded by a grant to himself "of a private press detected and seized by him as an encouragement for his future services." He was admitted to the privileges of membership of the Stationers' Company in the same year, and was elected master eleven years later.

It must not be supposed that all the magnificently-bound volumes which came from Mearne's bindery were the work of his own hand, although some of them no doubt were, more



COMMON PRAYER, 1662.

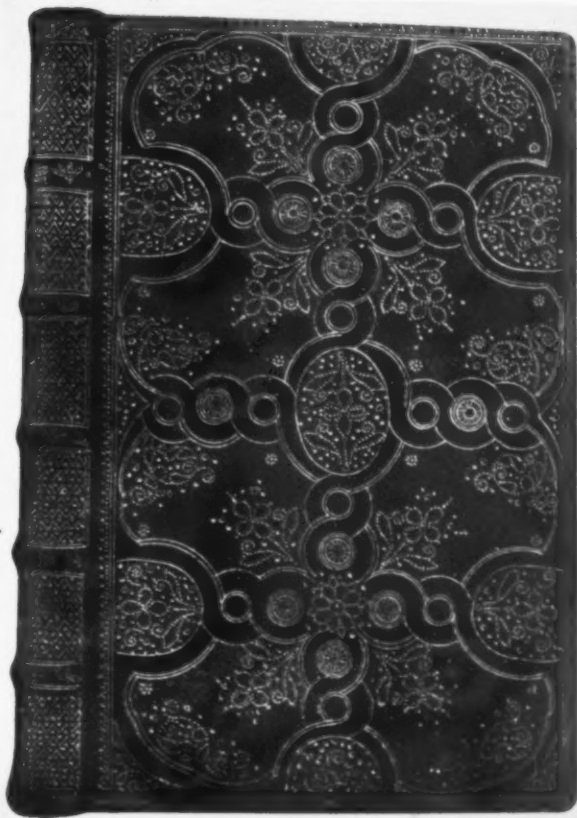
especially in his early days. We may, however, feel fairly certain that the designs were mainly his own work, dominated as they were in most cases by the master spirit of a really great and original genius. Some very interesting light is thrown on the subject by John Bagford's "Notes on Bookbinding," two curious manuscripts in scrapbook form which are in the Harleian Collection at the British Museum, dating in all probability from the year 1700. The information these volumes contain rescues from oblivion some of the worthy craftsmen who helped Mearne to achieve the great name he holds to-day as an English artist and binder. Among these Sukerman is singled out by Bagford for honourable mention as a workman. "He commonly worked for Mr. Mearne, the binder to King Charles the 2 . . . in his service he died and was buried. . . . Besides there are others . . . to be remembered in after ages, not only for their true working in the binding of books, but because each of them has added somewhat new in their style of working, among these are Nott, Tatnam and Richard Bailey, bred under the tuition of Sukerman at Mr. Mearne's." Among the many novel forms of decoration introduced under Mearne's régime there is none more widely known than that commonly described as "the cottage roof." More than one writer has stated that it



"COMBER," LONDON, 1679.

was borrowed from designs upon French bindings; but, as Mr. Davenport asserts, no example of its occurrence has yet been produced dating from a period anterior to the time of Mearne. Whether this very taking type of design, of which our first illustration is an excellent example, was actually first employed by Mearne or not is a point which has led to no little controversy. Its popularity has certainly never waned since his time, and patterns of this design are frequently to be found on even the bindings of to-day. Mr. Davenport is, therefore, thoroughly justified in saying:

Several of Mearne's smaller stamps, and indeed some of the main ideas on his all-over bindings, were borrowed from Le Goussier, but I never saw a



"NEOPORTUS," LONDON, 1669.

cottage Le Gascon, though it is perhaps not safe to say that such a thing never existed. I rather feel that the disinclination many critics seem to have to admit any original excellence in English binding may, after all, be the chief reason for the notion that Mearne was only a copyist.

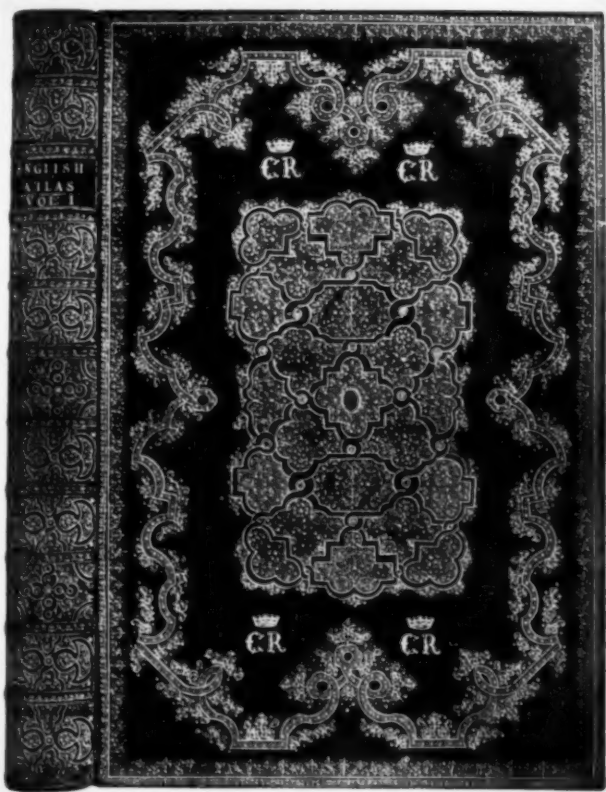
The very name of this well-known type of book decoration, long established as it is, would seem to be a misnomer, for in its ordinary form it is much more like the triangular pediment so frequently found over doors and windows than the cottage roof. I would suggest that its first employment in the ornamentation of book covers, by whomsoever it may have been introduced, was merely the outcome of the continuity of decorative idea which runs through the universal history of ornamentation, and which, in this particular case, was by some happy inspiration derived directly from one of the most obvious forms in architecture—one which was in every sense appropriate to the purposes to which it was so successfully applied. The three illustrations in this style show the wonderful diversity of artistic treatment to which the type lends itself in the hands of such a master of design as Mearne was. The "Comber," 1679, is a particularly brilliant instance of a modified cottage pattern, where the main decorative scheme is most skilfully interwoven with some of Mearne's other characteristic forms of ornamentation. The tooling on the back of this volume is also noticeable for its complete artistic agreement with



PAINTED FORE-EDGES.

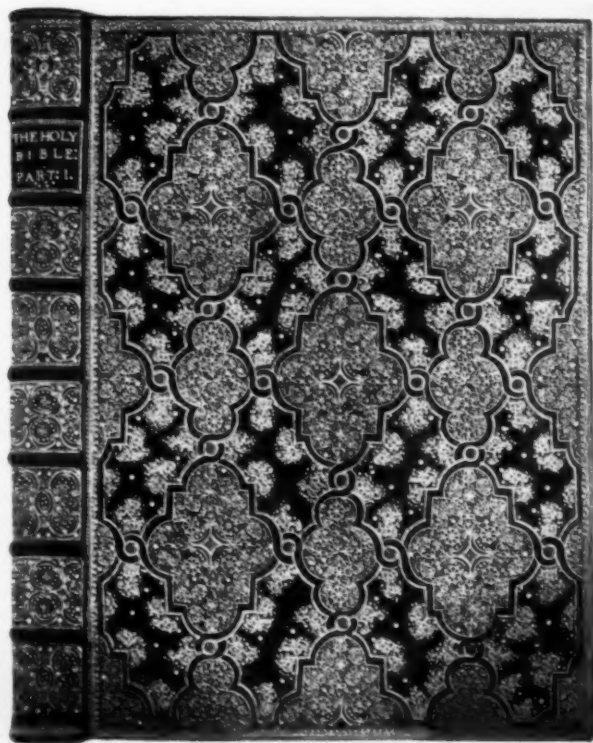
the leading features of the decoration on the sides—a form of harmony which is absolutely essential in a *reliure de luxe* of the highest order. In two other well-known types of design, used by Mearne with highly artistic effect, he undoubtedly drew largely on ornamental forms associated with the work of Le Gascon. His French predecessor, for instance, "was the first great binder to arrange a fillet or fillets which interlace symmetrically all over the boards of a book, the spaces between the interlacings being afterwards filled up with small gold-tooling." "The English Atlas," Oxford, 1680, is a good example in this style; but even a superficial study of this binding will show that its details would prevent it from ever being mistaken for Le Gascon's work. "Le Gascon's other invention, which also appealed strongly to Mearne's taste, consisted in the breaking up of small lines and curves into a succession of dots . . . the result being a light and beautiful sparkling effect of tiny points of burnished gold." Curves and tools treated in this way are technically known as *azuré*, "Neoportus," London, 1669, being a typical specimen of this style.

Another great French binder who obviously had considerable influence on Mearne's treatment of design was Clovis Eve (1596-1634). But here again the English artist's methods may easily be distinguished from those of his prototype, as, for



OXFORD, 1680.

example, in the bolder treatment of all ornamentation composed of floral sprays. On Eve's books these leafy curves are frequently single stamps, many repetitions of which are used, and each therefore identical with the others; while Mearne's practice was to impress the long stalk first, and then fit it with leaves and flowers, each of which was separately tooled. The result in his case was to lend a greater elasticity to the composite product, it being almost physically impossible that there could in such case be actual repetition in the resulting groups. Great as was Mearne's powers as a designer of handsome book-covers, and endless as these powers seem to have been in the variations introduced, there is yet another feature of his work which marks him as an artistic innovator of an original kind in the history of



CAMBRIDGE, 1674.

English bookbinding. Before his day, design depended mainly for its effect upon the contrast of gold tooling with the colour of the leather in which the book was encased. He, however, as a close student of French methods, was quick to appreciate the added brilliancy which comes of the introduction of other (overlaid) colours into patterns that are comparatively tame without them; and so, central panels, corner-pieces, grouped fleurons and flowers of every shape burst under his treatment into a dazzling mass of variegated but harmonised tints, each emphasising some leading point in the main design, and all welded together in a lacework of gold. The illustrations which accompany this article can, of course, give no idea of the splendour of such so-called "mosaic" work. To understand it, one must see the original volumes themselves, or the beautiful and exact fac-similes which are to be found in Mr. Davenport's monograph.

Another highly-decorative form of embellishment which was occasionally employed by Mearne was painting on the fore-edge of the leaves of a book. As a rule, when a book so decorated is closed, the painting is invisible, being concealed under the gilding of the edges; but on laying the book down flat and raising the upper cover and then pressing it, when open, slightly to the left, the gilding of the edges disappears and the pictures below it come into view. The triple illustration shows the fore-edges of three volumes held in this position, that in the centre displaying a portrait of Charles II., signed Fletcher. This, Mr. Davenport tells us, is the earliest example of its kind. James Edwards of Halifax, some eighty or a hundred years afterwards, attained a considerable reputation in the same line; but his paintings on book-edges took the form of landscapes.

Not the least interesting among the items of information collected by the author in reference to Samuel Mearne are the extracts which he gives us

from the "Great Wardrobe Accounts" of Charles II.'s day. The originals are in Latin:

Great Wardrobe Accounts. Audit Office. 24 Chas. II.  
1671-2.

(Translation). To Samuel Mearne, Bookseller, for four royal Bibles, with sundry large Books of Common Prayer, and various others for the use of Sir George Downing, Knight, ambassador in Holland; the Duke of Richmond, ambassador in Denmark; the Earl of Sunderland, ambassador extraordinary in Spain; and Sir William Gololphin, Knight, ambassador in Spain. £123 3s. 6d.

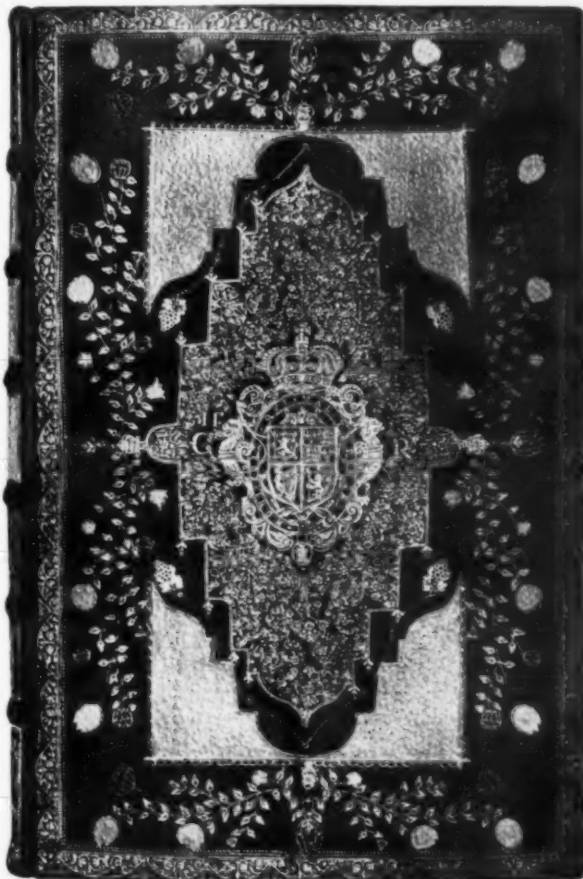
Audit Office, 1678-79. For a book fully bound with ties, and eighteen fully bound in black paper boards, for the lady Anne, the King's niece. 24s.

Great Wardrobe Account, 1676-77.

For a Holy Bible, printed on royal paper . . . and splendidly bound in two volumes; six large paper copies of the Book of Common Prayer, splendidly bound, of which four are marbled in colours and gilded; twenty-two yards of broad blue ribbon, and fringes for ornamenting four books for the use of Laurence Hyde, Esquire (now Viscount Hyde of Kington), the King's ambassador to Niniequen. £38 15s.

Other bills which go into more minute particulars of the work done, "form," as Mr. Davenport remarks, "a most interesting series from the bookbinding point of view, and they show an amount of care and attention to detail which is remarkable. Historically, also, they are full of interesting allusions."

None of Mearne's bindings is signed, but much of the work he did for King Charles II. is known from such accounts as I have quoted, or by the Royal cipher which some of the volumes bear. The books he bound for the public at large are identified by their stamps and general designs. He was succeeded as King's binder by his son Charles, whose work is at times difficult to distinguish from that of the elder Mearne.



THE LAWS AND ACTS OF PARLIAMENT,  
Edinburgh, 1681.

## THE CAPITULATION OF MIRIAM.

MIRIAM CALDWELL stood on the doorstep enjoying the winter sunshine and the momentary respite from domestic duties. "I've put in the butter an' eggs, Frank," she said, to a fresh-coloured young man with a weak, pleasant face, who emerged from the house behind her. "You won't be late home, will you?"

Frank laughed. "Bless the woman, what a fidget you be! It's worry, worry, worry if I'm not back on the tick. 'Course I shan't be late."

The assurance did not appear to carry conviction—Miriam had heard it too often before. With a little line between her brows, she stepped down to stroke the neck of the handsome brown mare—her own especial possession, born and bred on the farm—that Frank was harnessing into the cart. "Take care o' Betsy," was her parting caution, whereat he laughed again, "I ain't likely to forget her," and drove leisurely out of the yard.

At one time Miriam had been fond of remarking that Frank and Betsy were the only two creatures in the world she cared the bite of an apple about. Lately, however, the statement had been less often heard, with which significant circumstance it is possible that the man who had just stopped the cart to speak to her brother was connected. He was older than Caldwell, rougher in appearance, and, unlike him, was stamped with something of the unyielding character of his native soil. Beside him stood a third person, a stranger, who ran his eyes over Betsy in appreciative fashion. Miriam was still lingering in the yard when Robert Lyford, turning, caught sight of her and came forward.

"Mornin', Miss; beautiful weather for the time o' year. Ha' you bin thinkin' o' what I said t'other day?"

A faint colour crept into her cheeks—"There's no need to think; you had my answer."

"'Tis all along o' that prodigal young brother o' yours," he said, reluctantly admiring.

"You're wrong then; Frank has nothen to doin' wi't."

"He did ought to go to Canady, wher' publics ain't so handy as hereabouts."

"If he goes, I shall go, too."

"No, you won't," returned the man; "I shall see to that."

"Who's that talkin' to Frank?" enquired Miriam, thinking it wise to change the conversation.

"'Tis Abel Moss, newly come to these parts; he's took Castaway, the lone farm on the hills as I had afore I come here, an' does a bit o' horse-dealin' now an' agen. Druv over this mornin' to look at a colt o' mine as he wants; but seein' he won't give my price, he'll ha' to wait. I don't much keer about the looks o' the man; ain't egsackly pinin' to clap hands wi' 'un. Mornin', Miss; I shall be late for markut if I bides here."

He was halfway to the gate, when Miriam called him softly. "Mr. Lyford."

"Aye," whipping round.

"Will you just give a look to—to— He does terrible foolish things sometimes."

"Call me Robert an' I'll tie 'un to my leg!"

Miriam lifted her proud eyes to his. "Oh, get away," she cried, with sudden anger. "I hate you!" and shut the door in his face. Smiling grimly to himself, Robert took his slow, thoughtful way to his own little homestead.

Frank Caldwell rented a small farm which his father before him had worked, and until the last year or two he had prospered fairly well. Since then a change had gradually crept over him, to which Miriam could shut her eyes no longer. His farm was neglected; creditors began to threaten. The occasions when he

returned home from market sober were rare, and he had an unhappy knack of falling into the hands of unscrupulous dealers, who traded on his weakness and fleeced him of the little he had to sell. His sister wondered as she went about her tasks that day whether she had not been too patient, whether, perhaps, sternness might not have proved a more effectual check upon him. The question was still troubling her when the clock struck nine—to find her alone. The sound sent her to the door that gave on the street. How often had she not stood thus, straining eyes and ears into the night! She was about to close the door, when she heard a voice she knew whistling a familiar air. "Robert," she said, so low that you would not have thought he could have caught the whisper.

Instantly the whistling ceased. "Aye, Miriam, what's up?" "Frank ain't back yet; he's never bin as late as this afore." "Not back yet? That's a rum thing. He was as right as right when I left at five o'clock, and said he was just coming arter me."

"He couldn't ha' started, or Betsy 'ud ha' brought him. One or other of 'em's come to harm——" and Miriam's voice trailed away piteously.

"Damn the young prodigal!" said Lyford, who was now close beside her. "You just go indoors this minnit, an' I'll walk back along the road to meet 'un." With gentle violence he pushed her towards the parlour, from which a glow of light was streaming.

"You're very kind, Mr. Lyford."

"No, I ain't; you knows what I wants for it," and he left her to digest his speech at her leisure.

An hour passed ere the sound of the front door opening and of feet—a firm tread mingled with shuffling, unsteady footsteps in the passage—brought Miriam and Lyford again face to face. He was half carrying, half dragging her brother, who presented a pitiable spectacle. His hat was gone, his hair disordered, his clothes were covered with mud.

"Go away," bade Robert, sternly, as the girl's face froze into horror and disgust. "Go away, I tell 'ee; 'tis no sight for you." He thrust her into the room and turned the key on the outside. She heard the steps pass upstairs, then all was quiet.

When Robert reappeared he found her crouched in the chair before the fire.

"Is he hurt?" she asked, in a hard, dull tone.

He shook his head—"Dead drunk!"

"What's happened then? Where's Betsy an' the cart?"

Before answering, the man took her hand between his in a firm clasp. "The cart's left at Ashwell; he've selled Betsy——"

"Selled Betsy—my mare as father gave me! He 'udn't dare."

"I'm ter'ble afeared he has."

"Oh!" she cried, "let me go, let me go, Robert Lyford, that I may tell 'un what I thinks of 'un."

"'Tis no use now; the wine's in an' the wit's out. Besides, that ain't all," he watched her anxiously, the worst was yet to come. "He can't remember who he selled her to, but all as he got was—a coat!"

"I'll never forgive him—never! sa help me God!" Miriam said, almost in a whisper. And to all that Robert could urge, this was still her refrain. She was making up the butter next morning when the culprit appeared, haggard, miserable and, for the moment, penitent.

"Please yourself what you do," she returned, in answer to his protestations of repentance; "'tis nothen to me. I don't mean to bide wi' you no longer——"

"For God's sake don't turn agen me, Mirrie. I'm awful sorry——"

"You allus are!"

"I take my solemn oath I'll never mek such a fool o' myself agen."

"No, not till next time. You swore the same arter you selled the heifer for a song an' arter you bought that chaff-cutter that we had to sell for scrap-iron."

Frank put his arms about her stiff, unyielding figure. "What's come to 'ee, Mirrie? You've never bin hard like this afore."

Carefully she fashioned a pat of butter and laid it on the dish, then, "Will you please go away," she said. "I don't feel a-sif as I could be'r the sight on you." Muttering an oath, he flung out of the house and she saw no more of him that day. Dusk was drawing on when she donned her hat and jacket and took her way down street towards Lyford's house. He was at tea, and rose with alacrity on perceiving his visitor.

"Another cup, please, Martha," he said to the woman who "did for" him.

Miriam, however, declined his hospitality. "I don't feel a-sif I could eat just now," she began, standing tall and straight before him. "I've come to tell you as I've bin thinkin' over what you said an'—an'—I'm willin'—the sooner our names is in the better." In the silence that followed, the solemn tick-tack of the grandfather clock seemed to fill the room.

"You'll leave Frank then?" he said at length.

"Not a day longer nor I can help will I bide wi' him."

"An' supposin' I don't want 'ee?"

"You said as how you did," faintly.

"Aye, but comin' o' your own free will an' throwin' yourself at me like this, in your passion, is two diff'rent things. If you can tell me honest that you loves me——"

At that Miriam's anger flamed up. "So 'twas all lies, then, this talk 'bout you bein' sa fond on ma? You're the same as the rest on 'em—not a word o' truth in any on you."

"My dear," he returned, steadily, "I loves you sa well that, though I wants you wi' every bit on me, body an' soul, I 'udn't take you save for the one reason. Get you back to Frank, an' don't come temptin' me agen; sa long as you can't bring love into my house I'd sooner you bid outside; but when you can, 'tis on'y to speak the word."

Humbled and ashamed, she crept home, remembering that he had let her go without so much as a touch of her hand or any of those caresses—half rough, half shy—which, when she had kept him at a distance, he had been wont to bestow upon her against her will. And, remembering, her cheeks burned.

That evening Lyford had another visitor. Things were so uncomfortable at home, Frank explained, that he was best out of it. "It don't help to keep a chap straight," he concluded, in aggrieved tones.

"There's on'y one thing as will keep the likes o' you straight," growled Robert, "an' that's the want o' a public to go wrong in. What was you about last night?"

Frank thereupon confessed that after the market he had repaired to a low tavern with a strange man whom he had seen in Abel Moss's company earlier in the day, and that they had stayed drinking together. Of what had subsequently transpired he had not the faintest recollection beyond the one terrible fact that he had sold Betsy for—an overcoat. "An' a poor one at that," said Robert. "Of all the condemned young fools! But there, 'tis no use talkin'. Betsy's gone—an' I means to try the best I know to get her back," this last to himself.

The chances of success in this direction were small; though the story got about, no one was able to supply information that might help to trace the sharper who had befooled poor Frank. The latter, meanwhile, gave every indication of this time redeeming his promises. For an entire week he forswore the public-house, worked early and late, and was beginning to win over Miriam to a more tolerant attitude. Towards Lyford she preserved a sullen stiffness of demeanour which cost him, in private, some searchings of heart. Frank's good behaviour triumphantly survived the ordeal of the first market day, and it was with "trembling hope" that, when the second came round, Miriam bade him good-bye. He was now reduced to driving an old horse that was employed on the farm; a sorry enough figure it cut between the shafts of the light cart! Betsy's mistress could not restrain a sigh for her lost favourite as she returned to the household duties, which kept her busy throughout the short winter day. At nightfall she drew the curtains, lighted the lamp and sat down beside the fire to sew. Three hours passed and no sign of her brother. At eight o'clock she threw a shawl about her and ran down to Lyford's house, only to learn that he had not yet returned either. Sixty more dragging minutes she waited ere, her restlessness becoming uncontrollable, she sallied forth again, out into the Ashwell Road this time. The young moon had set; darkness, like a blanket, pressed upon her. Only by the feel of the grass beneath her feet could she tell when she was straying from the track. On she sped, seeing nothing save the night, hearing nothing save the pad-pad of her footsteps in the mud.

Some two miles from the village she stopped. The turn to Ashwell must be somewhere here; if she missed that she had better have stayed at home. While groping for some indication of her whereabouts, she caught the faint sound of wheels and the ring of a horse's hoofs. Frank was coming at last, and at a brisk pace for old Tommy. Louder and louder grew the welcome herald until she could make out the beat—not of one horse, but of two. For a moment she sickened under the sense of disappointment. Then a thought sent the sudden colour to her cheeks. "Robert's a-ridin' behind him," she murmured, and shrunk back, a smile on her lips, into the shadow of a bush. The wheels and the trotting horses drew alongside. "Frank," she cried, "stop! It's me!" Black against the black curtain of the night an indistinguishable mass rumbled past and was swallowed up again. As the noise died away a sudden terror of the darkness and the loneliness smote her. "Oh dear, what shall I do?" she wailed.

The answer came back in a voice she knew and, she dared at last to confess it to herself, a voice she loved. "Miriam, why, Mirrie! what in God's name be you a-doin' here?"

"Lookin' for Frank."

"He's right anuff—where he'll get to no hurt—don't you worry."

"Don't leave me, Robert."

"I'd tek you home, on'y I've a pertic'ler piece o' bisniss on hand. Could you ride in front o' me, d'ee think? Come up then," as she eagerly assented. She put her foot on his and

swung lightly to the saddle bow, where she clung to him, his arms folding her close. Riding thus, while the kind night shut them in together, all Miriam's pride fell from her. Though she spoke no word, though she made no sign, Robert knew that he had gained the desire of his heart.

"Where are you goin'?" she asked, when instead of following the straight road to the village he wrenched his unwilling horse's head round towards the hills.

"To Castaway, to settle some accounts wi' Abel Moss. Lie still; you'll be all right—I may be glad o' your help up yonder." Wondering much, she held her peace, untroubled at that moment by the thought of Frank. Presently the track began to ascend, and Miriam knew they were not far from their destination. They halted beside some ricks and both slipped to the ground. Taking off his overcoat, Robert wrapped it about her. "I wants you to bide here; keep quiet an' hold the horse till I come back. You're not afeared?"

"No."

"I knowed as how you 'udn't be." He vanished round the ricks, leaving Miriam, her blood warm in her veins, to live through again the sweetness of that strange ride. It might have been an hour, it might have been ten minutes, before Dandy tossed up his head and gave a low whinny. It was answered from close at hand, as Robert, leading a couple more horses, came up at a run. "Quick," he panted; "we must be off as fast as we can." He hoisted her into the saddle, man fashion, flung himself on one of those he was holding and away down hill they scuttled. Not until they reached the main road did he find breath to speak. "You never thought I should turn horse-stealer, I'll warrant," he said, with a laugh.

"I don't think it now, though I should dearly like to know what it all means."

Again he laughed: "What 'ud you like best in the world, Miriam?"

"Nothen," was her truthful answer; in giving herself she had got all the world.

"What about Betsy?"

"Oh," she gasped, "you don't mean—oh, Robert!" as the mare, which he was riding barebacked, sidled up against her—"Betsy! my beauty, my darlin'!" stretching over to stroke her favourite's neck. "How did you know she was there?"

"I didn't—found her by chance, goin' to look arter another. Mr. Abel Moss will find he ha'n't made quite sa much out o' Frank as he thought. Lord, how'll he swear when he opens the stable door to-morrow mornin'," and at the thought Robert smacked his thigh in an ecstasy of enjoyment. "The one I'm leading," he went on, "is a colt he sold Frank at markut to-day; he let 'un go for so little that I simmed to sniff out summat was up, though I couldn't rightly see what. As he hadn't got nothen to ride, Abel asked Frank to give 'un a lift home; but the owld devil! what did he do when they were passin' the Duke's Head (a public-house on the outskirts of the town) but persuade him in for a drink 'just to kip out the cold a-drivin'." Poor Frank was as right as right till then. In he went, leavin' the cart an' Tommy an' the new colt tied to the back o' the cart, in the road."

"Ah!" cried Miriam, "an' while he was inside Abel stole it."

"Not egsackly; he stayed drinkin' wi' Frank to throw 'un off the scent. What 'un calls his 'acomplish' did the job. I come along home just as they two, your brother an' Abel, were leavin' the inn. 'Where's the colt then, Frank?' I sez, an' not till then did he spy as 'twas gone."

"An' what did he do?" interrupted Miriam, breathlessly.

"He left Abel at the Duke's Head, an' flod off back to Ashwell to the perlice station to lay an information," said Robert, with an irrepressible chuckle. "I lay low an' follered Abel! That's how 'tis I come to know things. 'Twas him an' the man what bought Betsy for a coat as passed you on the road back yonder, wi' Frank's colt tied to the back o' their cart."

Miriam sighed.

"You've done a lot for Frank an'—an'—me, Mr. Lyford."

"Lor, that's nothen," was his cheerful response; "'twas a fine bit o' fun, I can tell 'ee, to watch them two fellers at Castaway a-stablin' the colt, an' a-beddin' up Betsy, an' to think as the minnit they was safe indoors at supper, I meant to nip 'um both out o' their stalls. They'd got a lantern, 'ee know, so I could see them plain, while where I was 'twas pitch dark. Well there! I could ha' jumped for joy when I crope up to the stable winder an' sin the mare!"

"'Tis a wonder they hadn't selled her—"

"They was afeared, bless 'ee, to show her round here till the talk had gone by—every livin' sowl at markut had heard o' Frank's fine deal, an' how he'd taken a coat for her. An' that reminds me o' one thing as I wants to do more. If you can find it, I'll tek back that coat, an' lay it outside Abel's back door, so's when he comes out in the mornin' the fust thing he'll see 'ull be 'Betsy's jacket'! Dear, dear, 'tis a pity I shan't be there to hear his langwidge!"

On reaching the Caldwell's house Robert took the horses to the stable while Miriam went to find the desired garment.

"There's one thing as I wants to know," said the girl, while they lingered beside the parlour fire. "Where's Frank all this while, seein' he han't come home?"

Again Lyford gave that irrepressible chuckle. "You knows as he went ragin' back to the perlice station to say his colt had been stolen. What d'ee think they said to him? 'You be drunk,' said the 'spector, 'you' be drunk, I shall ha' you locked up for the night.' An' there he is, safe anuff, where he can't do himself nor anyone else any hurt. Nay, don't 'ee fret," as the tears started to Miriam's eyes, "'twil do 'un good, maybe learn him a lesson he won't forget." And the speaker turned towards the door.

"You're not goin' like that?" quavered the girl.

Robert stood very still, his hand on the latch. "Like what?"

"Like that, wi' never a word nor nothen—"

"'Tis for you to speak the word, as I telled you once afore," he answered, coming back to her side.

"'Tain't fair," she broke out. "'Tain't fair—arter to-night an'—an' all—when you knows, you knows I likes you."

"Likin' won't do; say love, my dear."

"I loves you, Robert," she whispered, as she flung herself on his breast and raised her face to his.

"That's what I've bin hungerin' to hear these many months," was his answer, and his arms went round her, his lips met hers.

"Oh, what about Frank?" she said, remorsefully, when she found breath.

"He can go to Canady or he can live wi' us; to my thinkin' he'll do best if he goes to Canady."

And Robert was right.

ELEANOR G. HAYDEN.

## SOME TALES OF . . . THE LAPWING.

THE lapwing must be familiar to everybody, for it may be seen in any part of the country and at any season of the year. In the early spring it nests on the ground in meadows, in pastures, on ploughed land and on hillsides, downs and wastes. In summer you may often find the lapwing on grass fields—it has a way of taking a

short run and stopping quite abruptly; but in winter it gathers into large flocks, which travel about in search of feeding-places. Sometimes there are many thousands in a flock, yet they will turn all at the same moment with the unanimity of a regiment of soldiers at the word of command. Wherever you find her, the lapwing has charm of manner and interesting ways. It is right to say *her*, for all the stories told about the lapwing agree that she was once a woman. There is an ancient saying that



SUSPICIOUS.

old maids are changed into peewits and that this accounts for the peculiar melancholy of the bird's note. In Denmark the green sandpipers are said to be old bachelors. The two varieties of bird frequent the same lonely places and are believed to call to each other—the lapwings, for ever asking "Why not? why not?" and the green sandpipers, replying, "For we dared not, for we dared not! Ha! Ho! Ha!"

But quite a touching legend comes from the East. There was once a beautiful princess whose favourite brother had gone away upon a far journey. For a long time she looked forward to his return, but he did not come, and at last she began to fear that he must be dead, or that some great harm had befallen him. Still she continued to watch; until one day, when she had almost given up hope, her friends came running with the news that he was drawing near and would very soon be in sight. The princess at once prepared to set out to welcome her brother. She knew he would be thirsty after travelling so far, and she caused a vessel of milk to be set upon the fire to scald. Presently she became so impatient that she could wait no longer. She seized the pot of milk, hot as it was and straight from the fire, lifted it upon her head, and started in haste upon the road by which he was said to be coming. The vessel burnt her, but she went on and took no heed. But the brother never came in sight. It was not true that he was returning. Yet nothing would persuade her to give over the search, and she kept running, first in one direction and then in another, always uttering the one cry, "Brother! Brother!" until at last, taking pity on her trouble, Allah changed her into a bird. She still keeps up the quest, and as the lapwing flies wheeling and turning overhead the ear may even now distinguish the word for "Brother" in her cry. The tuft on the lapwing's head is all that remains of the vessel of milk, and the feathers are black as a result of the burning. There are people in this country who still salute any solitary magpie they may chance to see upon the road. Mahomedan women have been stated to throw water into the air when they hear the wail of the peewit near the house in order to assuage the pain of her scald. It is also said that the lapwing can discover underground springs.

There are, however, Christian legends of the metamorphosis of the lapwing; but none so pathetic as the above, and in every instance discreditable to the bird. A Russian legend accounting for the habits and note of the lapwing goes back to the Creation. When the earth was created, and the waters were to be collected into oceans, lakes and deep rivers, the Almighty called upon all the birds to act as an army of water-carriers. The lapwing, which finds its food in moist places, could see no good in such vast collections of water, and refused to assist. It replied that it could make no use of seas to drink. In punishment for this disobedience, it was condemned to quench its thirst with nothing but rain-water for ever. For this reason it frequents wet places and stagnant puddles, and, never satisfied, continues to cry "Peet, peet!" which, being translated, is "Drink, drink!" But there is another story to account for the restless melancholy



APPROACHING NEST—LOWERING BROOD PATCH.

of the peewit's note. When Our Lord was a little boy, he stood one day watching an old woman who was making cakes. She asked him if he would cut up wood to build a fire to heat the oven, and promised in payment for the service to bake him a cake. Our Lord consented and prepared sufficient wood. The old woman, when she had finished kneading, pulled off a very small fragment of dough to serve as the reward. But by the time the first batch of cakes was drawn from the oven the lesser cake had grown as big as any of the others. The old woman concealed her surprise and said nothing. She tore off a still smaller piece of dough to go in with the second batch; but the same thing happened, and by the time the cakes were browned there was no difference in size among them. The old woman hesitated, but very soon her greed got the better of her. "The cakes are all too big," cried she; "'tis a deal too much pay for such a little work. You must wait for your cake until some other day." Then Our Lord was angry, and replied, "I cleaved the wood as you begged of me, and now you would break your promise. Now, therefore, you shall cleave wood as long as the world endures." At the same moment the old woman was changed into a peewit, and for ever she is doomed to fly around crying, "Cleave wood—Cleave wood!" as you may hear her to this day.

WALTER RAYMOND.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE DELPHINIUM.

THE illustration accompanying these remarks reminds me of the beauty of the Delphinium, or perennial Larkspur as it is also called, in these hot, drowsy summer days. Few perennials are more imposing in the garden; the stems are strong and straight, and there is a bewildering variety of blue shades, from the clear sky blue of Belladonna to purple and creamy white. As the illustration suggests, it is in masses or groups that the Delphinium is best seen, spires of flowers rising sturdily from the forest of leafage. I remember well a garden in which Starworts and other flowers, as adapted for grouping, were used with a desire for broad masses of colour, and the Delphinium played a strong part. It was planted among evergreen shrubs, on the fringe of woodland, and in the mixed, or, as it is usually called, the "herbaceous" border. In these places it created a perfect sea of blue, so welcome in the summer, when this colour, in all its delightful variety, is not common. I have seen Delphiniums in many soils and positions; but it seems happy almost anywhere, in rich as well as in comparatively poor ground; but a good foundation it must have, with, during such weather as we are experiencing at the time these notes are being written, plenty of water, and, if possible, a liberal mulching of manure. One of my favourite sorts is Belladonna—a flower as blue as a summer sky, but



CHICK OF PLOVER IN NEST.

unfortunately not strong in growth. This reminds me of a day I spent recently among the Delphiniums in Messrs. Kelway and Son's nursery at Langport. One may almost call this the birthplace of the Delphinium, and it was a pure delight to see the flowers by the acre, a cloud of blue colouring, which even the Paeonies could not dim. During the flowering-time of the plants notes should be made of those varieties that please most, in readiness for the autumn when the planting season arrives. I have been often bewildered with the lists of good things it is said to be advisable to plant, but the following attracted me greatly: True Blue, a lovely single blue, with dark centre; Christine Kelway, Constance, Persimmon, a glorious blue-coloured flower; Coronation, Beauty, Sir Walter Scott, Countess of Ilchester, Smoke of War, Blanche Fitzmaurice, Imperial Majesty, Kelway's Blue, an exquisite shade; Knight of Langport, Langport Blue, Silver Buckle, Zinfandel and Rev. W. Wilks. One of the great developments of recent years among Delphiniums has been the group called White Delphiniums. Beauty of Langport I well remember years ago, and a beautiful flower it is; but then other varieties have been raised of recent years, one of the greatest advances being Phyllis Kelway, which is new; the flowers are not snow white, but a pale, milky white, and set on a strong stem which branches freely. Then there are Ivory Queen, the colour of which is best described as ivory white, and Primrose, the sepals white and the centre yellow. These are the names of a few varieties which seem to stand out above their fellows, and it is not so much a collection that is desirable as a list of varieties of strong, good colours most likely to create flower pictures in the garden. As I have already mentioned, the Delphinium is a plant for associating with other things, and in Miss Jekyll's "Home and Garden" *Lilium croceum*, the brave old "Orange Lily" which seems to live anywhere, is associated with the Delphinium, and it is these contrasts or associations of colour one should note now, and refer to the notes in autumn. "And when at one point from a little distance," writes Miss Jekyll, "I could see in company the pure deep orange of the Herring Lilies (*Lilium croceum*) with the brilliant blue of some full-blue Delphiniums; how splendid, although audacious, the mixture was, and immediately noted it, so as to take full advantage of the observation when planting-time came. In the autumn two of the large patches of Lilies were therefore taken up and grouped in front of and partly among the Delphiniums; and even though neither had come to anything like full strength . . . (the first year after removal), yet I could see already how grandly they went together, and how well worth doing and recommending such a mixture was. The Delphiniums should be of a full deep-blue colour, not, perhaps, the very darkest, and not any with a purple shade." The Delphinium is the hardy flower of the summer garden; it seems to bring the colour of the Gentian to the hot July and August days. C.

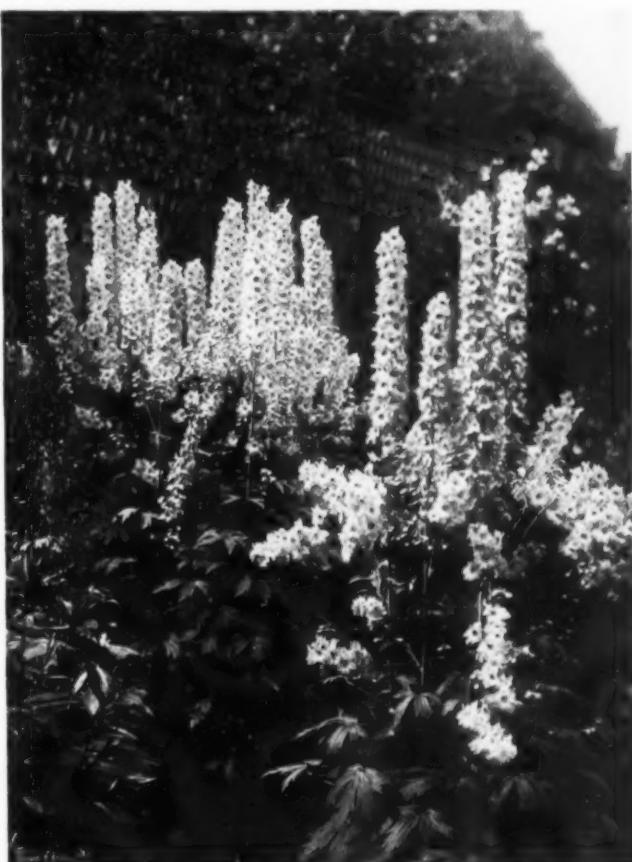
#### FLOWERING SHRUBS FOR HOT SOILS.

IN many gardens the natural soil is so hot and dry that the ordinary flowering shrubs refuse to grow, or if they do exist they only form miserable specimens that are a perpetual eyesore. A race of flowering shrubs that is but little known is the *Cistus* family, various members of which at the present time are producing their lovely crimped-petalled flowers in profusion. These shrubs are adapted for a hot garden, as they will live and thrive in positions where the majority of shrubs would perish. Their culture is simple, providing the soil is warm and rather poor, and for filling in beds or blank spaces in somewhat sheltered borders they are most valuable. Propagation is readily effected by means of seeds, which should be sown in early spring in a warm frame, the seedlings being potted up singly into small pots in soil containing a good proportion of sand and peat, and then gradually inured to cooler conditions. In the autumn the plants may be transferred to their permanent quarters, but a better system is to keep them in cold frames for the winter and plant them out the following

spring. They are also propagated by means of cuttings and layers, but seedlings are usually more satisfactory. The best-known *Cistus* is the Gum *Cistus* (*C. ladaniferus*), which has large, white solitary flowers. A beautiful form of this is known as *maculatus*, and differs from the type in having a dark, blood-coloured spot at the base of each petal. The Laurel-leaved *Cistus* (*C. laurifolius*) has white flowers with a yellow blotch at the base of each petal. A plant that is of economic value, and has beauty, too, is *C. creticus*, a native of Crete, with purple flowers, yellow blotched at the base. This produces the resin known as *labdanum*, and used during the Plague as a medicine, but at present its chief value is as a perfume. To collect it the plants are beaten with thongs to which the resin adheres. The one weak point about these *Cistuses* is that the flowers are soon over, the individual blooms seldom lasting more than two days, but others quickly take their place. These plants are often alluded to as Rock Roses; but this popular name really belongs to an allied family known botanically as *Helianthemum*, of which the pretty little yellow-flowered British Rock Rose (*H. vulgare*) is the principal member. Nurserymen have during recent years given us some beautiful varieties of this, the colours of which include various shades of orange, crimson, scarlet and white, besides several sorts with double flowers. These plants will grow and thrive in the hottest and poorest position in the garden, and as they only attain a height of from 8 in. to 12 in. they are excellent for the fronts of borders. A beautiful effect is obtained by planting the *Cistuses* at the back of the border and so form a background for the dwarfier Rock Roses. The latter are usually propagated by cuttings taken in August and rooted in a cool frame. F. W. H.

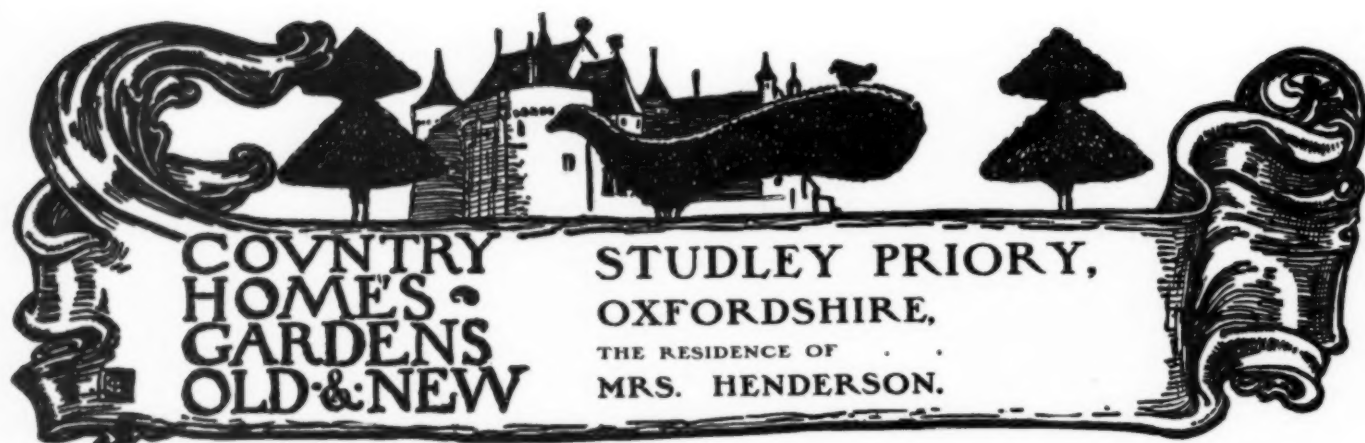
#### THE TREE MALLOW.

Few flowers have the fresh, winsome beauty of the Tree Mallows, which make brave masses of colour in the border at this season. *Lavatera trimestris* is one of the most beautiful flowers in the garden of the writer at the present time; but, unfortunately, as a correspondent wrote us some time ago, we see little of them, but they are flowers worth care, creating effective pictures at the cost of sowing a few seeds in early spring. Only two kinds are really of much value in English gardens, although the Mallow family is a large one, the various species inhabiting Western Europe, Australia and Central Asia. The two kinds we cherish are *L. trimestris* and *L. arborea*. The former is an annual—that is, seeds sown in spring will produce plants that will flower gaily in the ensuing summer. It comes from the Mediterranean region, and was first introduced into this country in 1633. Few annual flowers are so showy and, in a way, graceful as this Mallow, which grows fully 3 ft. in height in good soil, the flowers measuring about 3 in. across, and in the type or species bright rose with a blotch of maroon in the centre of the petals, while those of the variety *alba* are pure white—a charming association of pleasing colours. They last from July until the following September. Not only is this wealth of bloom attractive in the garden, but the flowers remain fresh for many days when gathered, buds even expanding; hence we advise those who wish for as much variety as possible in the flowers for cutting to grow this Mallow



A GROUP OF DELPHINIUMS.

in quantity for this purpose alone. Sow the seed early in April where the plants are to remain, thinning them out freely, as they make considerable growth in rich, well-manured soil. We enjoy the bold breaks of colouring that this Mallow gives to a border in the kitchen garden, or skirting some shrubbery, the flower colouring thrown into bold relief by the background of foliage or even among dwarf shrubs. Of course, the *Lavatera* is not a hedge plant in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but it is very bright and pleasing when the seeds are sown against a railing or dividing line, as the growth is very quick and the flowers are produced over a long season. *Lavatera arborea* (the Sea or Tree Mallow) is not an annual, but a shrubby species of tender growth, and far less useful than the beautiful *L. trimestris*. It is a British plant, having been found wild in the South-West of Ireland and upon the Bass Rock in Scotland, but always near the coast; hence in the coast gardens of our Southern Counties the Tree Mallow is familiar. It must not be forgotten, however, that inland, especially in the Northern Counties, it rarely survives the winter. When grown in rich soil, the Tree Mallow reaches a height of nearly 10 ft., the leaves bold and handsome and the flowers pale purple. Although almost as large as those of *L. trimestris*, they are scarcely so pleasing, because less clear and pure. Of *L. arborea* there is a variegated variety named *variegata*, which is not hardy, and must have, therefore, the protection of a greenhouse in winter. It is used sometimes in the summer garden, but we care little for its variegation, the large leaves being splashed with milky white. The Tree Mallow is best propagated by cuttings taken in the spring, but seeds may be sown, the seedlings reproducing fairly well the character of the parent. A garden without *L. trimestris* loses in interest; the pink colouring is delightfully pure, and the flowers appear in rich abundance over a long season. It must not be forgotten that thick sowing is a mistake.



**COUNTRY  
HOME'S  
GARDENS  
OLD & NEW**

**STUDLEY PRIORY,  
OXFORDSHIRE,  
THE RESIDENCE OF  
MRS. HENDERSON.**

**A**LTHOUGH the 4,000 acres of marshy land known as Otmoor and lying in the eastern part of Oxfordshire were enclosed early in the nineteenth century, no road except that which follows the old Roman causeway runs across it and no building breaks the wide expanse of the lush pasture lands. But a ring of villages, Charlton and Oddington, Noke and Beckley, Horton and Studley, occupy the rising ground around its circular conformation. Of these Beckley, rising to an elevation of 400ft. above the sea, lies to the south and carries with it the Lordship of the Moor, having been the site of a chief residence of the Conquest family of St. Walery and afterwards of a palace of Richard King of the Romans. Horton and Studley are hamlets of Beckley—Horton below and Studley on the hill—and on the hill stands the picturesque sixteenth century house which the Crokes constructed on the site and largely out of the materials of a dissolved Priory. The house faces west and has a beautiful outlook not merely over the low stretch of moor, but also over the undulating lands which lie between it and Oxford and on to the western hills of the county. Here, about the year 1184, Bernard of St. Walery, lord

of many a parish and manor round about, founded a house of Benedictine nuns and endowed it with half a hide of land. His son confirmed the gift and bestowed the right of pannage or hog-feeding in his woods, and he added a little two-acre meadow, "situate on the north side of their garden and to enlarge the same." Other gifts from other benefactors followed, of which one saddled certain lands with the obligation of giving, on the Feast of the Assumption, an offering to the priory of 100 loaves "of the sort called in Oxford Blanpeyn." Still, the total revenue of the Priory was never large, and in 1534 amounted only to £103 16s. 5d. It, therefore, properly fell within the category of the smaller monasteries, which the Act of 1536 abolished. It was, however, reported by the Visitors to be "of excellent conversation," and was allowed to survive. The reason for this is not far to seek. Joane Williams was the Prioress, and she was related to John Williams the chief Visitor. He was a younger son of a Berkshire knight, and he understood the art of getting on under Henry VIII. His first appointment seems merely to have been the looking after a favourite greyhound, but he became one of Thomas Cromwell's right-hand men, and was made



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A CORNER OF THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"



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THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

one of the commissioners for the surrender of the monasteries. Thame Abbey and much other church land he obtained for himself. He became lord of the manor of Beckley, and he died Lord Williams, leaving two daughters who were the ancestors of the families of Wenman of Thame Park and Norreys of Rycote. As owner of Beckley one would have expected him to have acquired Studley also. This, however, he did not do. When the general dissolution, in 1539, finally sealed the doom of Studley

John Croke became a clerk of Chancery under Henry VIII., and a master under Edward VI., and knew, while doing his duty, how to derive profit from his offices. He bought the manor of Chilton in 1529, and a few years later rounded off that estate by the purchase of monastic lands in the parish. He then took to building, and the fine H-shaped mansion, of which portions are left, became the home of the family. Neither he, who died in 1554, nor his son, Sir John, member of Parliament and Sheriff of



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AN UNTOUCHED PORTION OF THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Priory, John Williams brought the deed of surrender, Joane Williams signed it, and she and the seven sisters were pensioned off. Most of their property, including the site of the Priory, the manor of Studley and other lands and livings, were purchased from the Crown for the sum of £1,180 7s. 11d., by John Croke, whose family had, since Henry IV.'s time, been seated in the Buckinghamshire village of Chilton near by, where his ancestor, Nicholas le Blount, who changed his name to Croke, bought the estate of Easington.

Buckinghamshire, who lived to 1608, used Studley as their principal residence. They lived, died and were buried at Chilton, where, in the family chapel attached to the church, stands a "costly monument of white marble" to the memory of Sir John. The tomb has "the effigies of himself and his wife together with the figures of their 8 children." Of these five are sons, two of whom appear in the garb of judges with scarlet gowns and black coifs. These two reached the ermine under James I., and both,



THE WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in turn, owned Studley. Sir John, the elder brother, was Recorder of London, and was appointed a Judge of the King's Bench in 1607. The next year he succeeded his father at Chilton. He lived till 1620, and in the next year his son and heir, John, parted with his interest in Studley to his uncle George. George Croke was born at Chilton soon after Elizabeth became Queen, and he must have been one of the first boys at Lord Williams's Grammar School at Thame, where his name, and those of other boys who became famous, such as Milton and Hampden, appeared cut in the oak panels which a "restoration" cast out seventy years ago. From Thame, young Croke went to University College, Oxford, and to the Inner Temple,



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THE GREAT YEW HEDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and he so far succeeded in his profession of the law as to purchase the manor of Waterstock, lying between Thame and Studley, in 1615. This, rather than Studley, he made his home, and in its church we find his monument "which is his effigies to the waist in a judge's habit with a book in his right hand and his left leaning on a death's head." He had been made King's Sergeant and knighted in 1623, and the next year became one of the Judges of the Common Pleas. Soon after Charles ascended the throne he was transferred to the King's Bench; but he was no courtier, for he and Sir Richard Hutton were the only judges who sided with Hampden when he brought his ship-money case before the Star Chamber. When he was eighty-one, Sir



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THE NORTH-WEST OR CHAPEL WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE OLD KITCHEN COURT: PROBABLY PART OF THE PRIORY BUILDINGS.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

George petitioned to be allowed to retire on account of his age and infirmities, and, despite his independent action in the ship-money case, the King, while granting his desire, directed that he should still nominally retain his office and receive its emoluments. He retired to Waterstock, where he died in 1642. Neither of these first four lay owners of Studley had made it his principal

heads, show traces of Gothic feeling. Mr. Dunkin, author of the carefully-compiled chronicles of this group of East Oxfordshire parishes, published in 1823, relying on the lack of importance to the Crokes of this estate and on the uncertainty of tenure felt by the new owners of church lands, considered it probable that "the whole was erected by the prioress and convent in the



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THE NORTH OFFICES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

residence, and the question arises whether they built the house as it so largely survives to our own day, and, if so, at what date. Except for a modern bay, the west elevation shows little new work. The porch and the finials of the gables are classical in design, and the latter are a very remarkable and unusual set of various patterns, and not merely simple balls or cones. The windows, however, with their dripstones and arched

fifteenth century, and that it has undergone little external alteration since that time, excepting what has been effected by the addition of a porch and a few ornaments affixed on the points of the roof by Sir George Croke." There are, however, no traces, within or without, of any conventual arrangement, but every sign of late sixteenth century lay occupancy. Still, the elevation lacks the usual symmetry of an E-shaped Elizabethan



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A ROOM OF JACOBÆAN PANELLING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

house, and may, therefore, have much of the walling of the old Priory. The south end, or old kitchen court, was, no doubt, part of the Priory. It forms a low, picturesque group of buildings of simple design, whose great red-tiled roofs are green with moss and golden with lichen. But how much of the rest of the house dates from monastic times and where the Priory Chapel stood are matters of uncertainty, as there are no remaining features left to give us any clue. A later owner, Sir Alexander Croke, who published his "Genealogical History of the Croke Family" in 1823, considered that "the principal part of the walls were those of the Priory, but much altered and all windows made new." In his time many fragments of elaborate traceried windows of the Early English and Decorated periods were dug up, probably affording evidence of a conventual church of some importance destroyed by the first lay owners. The present porch affords the only indication of who worked on the present house and when. On the pediment of the porch is carved, between two cherubs' heads, an open book, and upon its pages appears the word *Thot*. Below this the reader is told to "feare this glorious and fearful name"; and below, again, are the initials E.R. Why Mr. Dunkin thinks these initials apply to Edward VI. and not to Elizabeth we cannot guess. The date of the latter Sovereign's reign agrees much more with the style of the porch, which, moreover, has the date 1587 upon it. This date appears on a panel over the entablature of

the doorway, and refers to one of the four shields which that panel contains. Each of the four bears the Croke arms, which are, however, impaled with those of the family into which each of the Crokes married. The purchaser of Studley married



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SIR GEORGE CROKE'S ALMSHOUSES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the sister of Sir Ambrose Cave of Leicestershire. His son took Elizabeth Unton to wife out of Berkshire. John, the judge, wedded a Mapledurham Blount, and it is to him that the date 1587 especially refers, because, shortly before that, his father, who lived to 1608, conveyed the Studley estate to trustees for his eldest son's use. He was already a lawyer of position and a rich man, and was, no doubt, the most important builder of Studley as it still survives. It was his residence for a score of years, and until he succeeded to Chilton at his father's death. It was during this period that he obtained all his promotion. In 1597 he became Recorder of London, and he represented the City in Parliament. In 1601 he was chosen Speaker, an office he begged to be excused as being unworthy; but as the House did not agree with this view, he accepted it, and begged the members to bear with "his unbleness and wants." He was then presented to Elizabeth, and made her an elaborate speech, laying stress upon the prosperous state of the kingdom "which had been defended by the mighty arm of our dread and sacred Queen." "No, but by the mighty hand of God, Mr. Speaker," interposed that lady. In 1607 Sir John succeeded Judge Popham on the King's Bench, and then, his father dying, Studley ceased to be his home. But no doubt he had done much work and spent much money there. He was an expensive man, and had to write to his brother George for a loan of £500, as his high situations had impoverished him by leading him into expenses beyond his fortune. George—evidently a prudent and money-making man—eventually lent him £2,420, accepting a mortgage on Studley which he turned into a fee simple by giving his nephew an additional £1,200 in 1621. This explains the fourth shield on the panel over the porch, which has the arms of Sir George with those of his wife, who was a Bennett, and underneath is the date 1622. The house, then, was practically complete; but Sir George found work to do on the north wing, which he converted into a chapel. Studley is a hamlet only, and part of the parish of Beckley. So is Horton; but Horton always had a place of public worship, and this has lately been rebuilt and serves both hamlets. But Studley had no public chapel, and Sir George contrived one in the north wing for the use of the dwellers around as well as for his own family, and gave it a bell-turret and a clock. It was still in use in Dunkin's time, who speaks of its carved seats, of its gallery and of its pulpit, which retained the hour-glass stand. Evidently it contained good examples of Jacobean woodwork, which the later conversion of this wing into kitchen and offices has obliterated. The chapel is not the only remaining feature of Sir George's tenure of Studley. Beyond the entrance gates, and on the opposite side of the road, which a fine yew hedge bounds, lie the almshouses built by him in 1636, and whose inmates were to be "no cursers or common swearers, nor idle persons, no drunkards, no haunters of ale-houses, no gadders or wanderers abroad from house to house, no tale bearers, no busybodies, but such as shall live without common scolding or brawling and quietly and peaceably with their neighbours." Sir George's only son predeceased him, and he left the Studley estate to his nephew Alexander, who seems to have been the first of the Crokes to make Studley a permanent home, and in the chapel, which his uncle had made, he was buried in 1673. Of such a place and of its owners during the Civil War period there is generally something to relate, often disastrous enough. But of Alexander Croke, and of Studley, which he held for thirty years, there is no history at this time. Both seem to have had the good fortune to be left alone. Nor have Studley's owners any annals for 100 years after his time. In 1766 a descendant of his, another Alexander, came into possession as a minor and held the estate for seventy-five years. Though a lawyer by training, he did not at first practise, being of a retiring disposition and having a competency. But after his marriage, in 1796, he took a D.C.L. degree and began work in Doctors' Commons. His treatment of an Admiralty case attracted some attention, and led to his knighthood and to his appointment in 1801 to the judgeship of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Nova Scotia. He was at Halifax till peace came after Waterloo. He then returned home to spend the evening of his days at Studley and compile his two great quarto volumes on the history of his family. He is Mr. Dunkin's "present possessor," who "effected some material alterations in the family mansion at Studley, where he resides, and where his good taste has rendered them in strict accordance with the general appearance of the monastic structure." The "good taste" was of the Strawberry Hill type, as the Gothic sashes of the windows of the central projection, which he added to the east elevation, show, and there is much of his work remaining inside. The "small park, decorated with clumps, shrubberies and evergreens, so disposed as to form a richness and variety of landscape unequalled in its vicinity," savours fully of the improving landlord of the Capability Brown days, and probably implied the destruction of formal gardens. Of these, a solitary section of a stone balustrade, used at the descent into the cellar, appears the sole survivor. So soon as he came of age, Sir Alexander had urged

the enclosure of Otmoor, and published "A Short View" of the advantages to accrue from such action, in 1787. No written record, Royal grant, or private title-deed exists as to the ownership of this large tract of land, but the Lord of the Manor of Beckley, then represented by the Earl of Abingdon, a descendant of John Williams, claimed the soil and the sporting rights, while the inhabitants of the surrounding villages claimed the right to free and unlimited pasturage. The result of this arrangement, Sir Alexander found, was that "the ground was always overstocked and as there was no stint every man put in all the cattle he could muster without any regard to the size of his farm. Those who had none of their own brought in large flocks and herds of agistments. Farmers who had concerns in distant places, frequently rented some small matter, perhaps only a cottage in one of the Otmoor towns, to give them a right of common; and, under this pretence, brought on their whole stock of 3 or 400 sheep and 40 or 50 head of Cattle." At first the Earl of Abingdon opposed Sir Alexander's scheme; but the Enclosure Act was eventually passed in 1815, the cottagers objecting to the end. The cost of drainage, enclosing, etc., was to be borne by every partaker in the division according to his allotted share. The cottagers, as a rule, were not prepared to meet this claim and sold their shares for paltry sums. Like most Enclosure Acts it led to better farming, perhaps, but it was an additional nail in the coffin of the small holder. Then it was hailed as sound economics. Now such legislation is considered bad ethics, and Acts of Parliament are passed to restore to agriculture some of its better kind of ancient features.

After Sir Alexander's long tenure of the estate he was succeeded in due sequence by two of his sons. In the latter half of the last century, after an ownership of three and a-half centuries, Studley passed from the Crokes. The new proprietor, Mr. John Henderson, while making certain repairs and alteration, essentially preserved the place as he found it. He died in 1893, but his widow survives to appreciate and enjoy a place whose amenities both of situation and architecture are quite exceptional.

T.

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES.—II.

NOTHING more clearly illustrates the religious conservatism of the Olympic Games than the esteem in which the simple foot-race, of some 200 yds., was held. This event could boast neither the variety of the pentathlon nor the sensationalism of the chariot-race. It afforded the spectators no hope of the bloodshed which was a necessary part of the boxing match and the pancratium. But it came first in order as in reverence, because it was the first contest established in the plain of Olympia. The winner gave his name to the meeting in which he triumphed. As we speak of Hermit's or Persimmon's year, so the Greeks spoke of Tisicrates' year or Xenophon's, and thus conferred an eponymous glory on the athlete who could sprint a furlong. The quarter-mile, the long race and the armed race, in which the competitors carried shield and helmet, and which agreed with Plato's condition that all games should be of service to military discipline, had no share in the supreme honour of the Stadium, as was the short race called, even though they were probably followed by the spectators with a keener interest and a quicker enthusiasm. As for the conduct of the races, there is little to be said. There is no other method of deciding such events than by heats, and Pausanias tells us that "the man who wins the crown in the foot-race is of necessity twice victorious." In style the Greeks do not seem to have preserved the repose we should have expected of them—at any rate, over the furlong. They attempted to increase their pace by a fierce whirling of their arms, just as the skater, aiming at speed alone, hurls himself along with whatever of weight and gesture he can command.

Entirely Greek in spirit and design was the pentathlon, which could not be won without a happy conjunction of strength and agility. The five events—running, jumping, the throwing of quoit and spear, wrestling—were well chosen for the making of what is termed to-day "a good all-round man." It was an eloquent discouragement of specialism. A mere wrestler, strong in the chest and weak in the legs, would have no chance of winning the 200 yds. or the long jump. A mere sprinter would easily be defeated both by quoit and spear. And it is easy to appreciate the reverence which Greece paid to the winner in this well-balanced contest. The order of the events is uncertain, but authority and common-sense both place the wrestling last. Not even Hercules himself could have run a race or hurled a quoit after vanquishing his competitors in the wrestling ring. As little do we know the precise method by which the prize was awarded. It is most probable that the first three events diminished the field, and that only those who had a chance of wearing the wreath were asked to compete in the last two. The events themselves will be easily intelligible to the modern sportsman. It need be remembered only that the quoit-thrower more nearly resembled in style and gesture the modern athlete who

throws the hammer than him who puts the weight, and that the hero of the long jump went at his task without a run, and holding heavy weights, called *halteres*, in his hands.

The long jump, the quoit and the spear held no place in the Olympic Games, save in the pentathlon. Running, as has been said, and wrestling had a separate existence. Wrestling, indeed, shared with boxing and the pancratium the noisiest enthusiasm of the crowd, and, like them, most speedily became tainted with professionalism. Yet at the outset wrestling was a grave and dignified sport, whose end and aim were "victory with elegance." It was conducted in accord with the strictest rules, and with the sternest respect for style. It is easy, therefore, to reconcile its popularity with the Greek's love of restraint. Tortuous as were its processes—and it was surely difficult to hold a nude opponent whose body was rubbed with oil—it was not disfiguring. So much may not be said of boxing and the pancratium. The Greeks did not box with the naked fist; they coiled a strap round their hand, which softened the blow as little as a four-ounce glove, and presently thought it no shame to make the strap more formidable with knots and nails. The writers of epigrams exhaust their ingenuity in depicting the battered aspect of the boxers. "Ulysses was recognised by his dog," says one of them, "after twenty years. You, Stratophon, could not be recognised by dog or man after boxing for four hours. You yourself, if you looked in a glass, would swear that you were not Stratophon." But the writers of epigrams were not upon oath, and their evidence is obviously suspect. Still more brutal seems the pancratium,



A WINNING MULE TEAM

a fierce medley of boxing and wrestling, in which almost everything was permitted save biting and gouging, in which the combatants writhed upon the ground, scratching and tearing at one another with the brutality of untamed savages, and in which the victory was



THE QUADRIGA.

not gained until one or other of the fighters acknowledged himself defeated. Perhaps there was some convention, some body of rules, framed to save the pancratium from disgrace. How can it be believed that the same men who thought it shameful for a gentleman to play on the flute, because "his countenance altereth and changeth so oft, that his familiar friends can scant know him," would have approved and encouraged a sport of disfigurement?

As a spectacle the chariot-races were, no doubt, the most imposing and sumptuous of the games. The speed, the dust, the swiftly alternating chances of victory and defeat, the pleasurable anticipation of disaster, combined to make them as brave a pageant as ever the world saw. It is difficult, indeed, to imagine the effect of forty four-horse chariots racing abreast, driven by intrepid charioteers, who scorned danger if only they might win the olive crown for their masters. For it was the owner, not the driver, to whom the prize was awarded, and in



M. Léon

RACING CHARIOTS.

this respect the chariot-races of old resembled the horse races of to-day. Only the wealthy could support the expense of training the teams and of bringing them over land or sea to Olympia, and a victory won in this contest was a mark rather of magnificence than of skill. Men marvelled at the luxury of Alcibiades, who in one year sent seven chariots to Olympia, and carried home three prizes. They greeted with a more sincere applause the solitary athlete who triumphed over all his rivals in the foot-race or pentathlon.

A modern Greek poet once said that his own nation of ancient times and the English of to-day alone understood the sentiment of justice. Whether this be true or not, it is clear that the ancient Greeks and

the modern English have felt most acutely the sentiment of sport. Both have shown themselves unwilling to take an undue advantage of their opponents; both have declared, by precept and example, that an honourable defeat is better than a cunning victory. Once upon a time Pausanias tells us, "Thea-

genes, the Thasian, wishing to win victories in the same Olympiad, both in boxing and in the pancratium, beat Euthymus at boxing. But Theagenes could not win the wild olive in the pancratium, being exhausted by his contest with Euthymus. Therefore the umpires sentenced Theagenes to pay a talent as a sacred fine to the god, and a talent for the injury he had done to Euthymus, because it appeared to them that he had entered for the boxing match merely to spite Euthymus."

It was not enough that Theagenes had defeated his own purpose. He must still be punished for conduct which appeared unsportsmanlike to a scrupulous and skilful judgment. And a diligent search reveals but one instance of deliberate unfairness. When Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse, brought his four-horse chariot to Olympia, the other competitors conspired to overturn his chariot and to rob him of the prize. The outrage finds no palliation in its excellent motive. It is not on the race-course that moral indignation is most happily expressed.

The records of the ancients were not kept with scientific accuracy. When the Greeks acclaimed their athletic prowess they spoke in anecdotes, and anecdote is untrustworthy, aiming rather at a broad truth than a narrow accuracy. The old story that Phayllus jumped 55ft. may be dismissed as the casual falsehood of a poet, from whom Phayllus was as far distant as the Canterbury Pilgrims are from us. The strength of Bybon rests on a surer authority than the agility of Phayllus. A mass of rock, 2ft. in length and 1ft. in depth, was found at Olympia, bearing an inscription that Bybon had lifted it with one hand above his head and cast it from him. How far or in what direction he hurled it does not appear. Perhaps he tossed it, as the



M. Léon.

WRESTLERS.

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Scot tosses the caber; but to have lifted it with one hand is a clear proof of strength. The fruits of a far gayer fancy are the achievements of Milo, who is said to have carried his own statue into the Altis, and whose feats with the pomegranate and the quoit are gravely recorded by the historian. "He would hold a pomegranate," says Pausanias, "so fast that no one could wrest it from his hand, yet so daintily that he did not crush it; again, he used to stand on a greased quoit, and jeer at those who charged at him and tried to push him off it." So have we heard a story of an Australian giant, Bonnor by name, who, standing within the confines of a tub, would throw a cricket ball out of sight.

But all anecdotes, Greek or English, must be taken for what they are worth, and a comparison between ancient and modern cannot dogmatically be made. In the absence of positive testimony, no more can be said than that, were a contest possible, the moderns would probably bear away the wreath, and this for two reasons. The moderns are specialists all. They live and strive each to cut a single record, to beat the clock by another second, or to push the mark another inch beyond the jump of the last champion. And, being specialists, they exaggerate this or that set of muscles even to deformity. Again, the Greeks were not content to win. As I have said, they aimed at "victory with elegance," and the

modern athlete, hindered by no restraint of form, would the more easily outstrip the ancient. But this superiority need be no source of pride. It means no more than that the athletes of to-day have sacrificed the true for the false excellence.

It was an old superstition that the cities of Greece were cold, white and austere, that no ray of colour lit up their pale statues and their frigid temples. This superstition was long since abolished. Another remains. Those who approach the ancient world with a vain reverence, as though it were peopled by angels, not by men, would ask us to believe that the Olympic Games were played in a kind of empty silence. I have seen a reconstruction of the Stadium, in which half-a-dozen sad spectators gaze listlessly at the listless competitors. The truth is that the contests took place to an accompaniment of wild enthusiasm. The flute-players, the bands of ancient days, encouraged the athletes and amused the onlookers. The onlookers themselves cheered their favourites in a riot of applause, and every point in the game, every advantage snatched by friend or foe, would be instantly noted by a crowd at once critical and informed. And as the sun set and the victorious athletes went their homeward way, strains of music might be heard, and minstrels chanting the incomparable odes of Pindar.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

## HENLEY REGATTA.

ONE of the most delightful regattas in the whole history of Henley came to an end on Friday night with six of the cups in the possession of Oxford, one taken by Cambridge, and the last of the eight well won by a metropolitan club. The apparently one-sided division of successes between the two Universities is easily intelligible to those who know that Cambridge has been awarded the honour of sending her University crew to be one of the representative English eights at the Olympic Regatta on the 28th inst. The coming of this regatta no doubt had its influence upon the attendance of the general public, as well as upon the composition of the best crews. If several boats lost their finest oar and, therefore, had to reconstitute their arrangement at the last moment, so there must have been many hundred family parties who were obliged to choose which of the two regattas they would attend, and, not unnaturally, selected the meeting which will not recur again during our lifetime. But these facts had no effect upon the racing during the first week of July, certainly the hottest week I have ever spent upon the river. They merely changed its character a little, and replaced quality and certainty by quantity and general keenness. No one quite knew where the winners would be coming from. Every crew that had the least chance—and it would be difficult to say which had none—gaily entered for one prize or the other. Pair-oared rowing alone remained in the shadow of that neglect which for too long has unjustifiably obscured it. In every other event on the card the juniors turned up by dozens, and the eights produced some of the finest racing ever seen; so nobody minded that the Ladies' Plate was won in faster time than the Grand, or that the Thames Cup occasionally produced as good a performance as either; and four-oared rowing reached a higher level of excellence than has been seen yet—which is saying a good deal. The Magdalen crew got over the course in a preliminary heat faster than any four had done it before; and though they did not again get under the 7min. 30sec. which was set as the record for the Stewards' in 1897 and equalled in 1904, they won the Visitors' in exactly that time, and thereby created a record for this cup which is not likely to be lowered for many a long year. There is no doubt that if the eights had not been weakened by the absence of the representative oarsmen reserved for the Olympic Regatta, other records would have suffered also, for the conditions of wind and water were more perfect than they have ever been before, and the wind was straight up stream when it was not off the Berkshire shore, a most unusual phenomenon at Henley.

I may remind those who have not all the results within their immediate memory that the Grand Challenge was won by Christ Church, the Ladies' Plate by Jesus, Cambridge, the Thames Cup by Wadham, the Stewards' and Visitors' Fours by Magdalen, the Wyfold Fours by the Thames Rowing Club, the Pairs by Christ Church and the Diamonds by McCulloch of University College, Oxford. The names suggest a few races which may be picked out of the four days' contest as especially worthy of record in the shortest description of a regatta that has a very peculiar interest at the moment. It is the first regatta since the days of T. C. Edwards-Moss's victory over Lee, and since Columbia College carried off the Visitors' Cup across the Atlantic, when we have all been a family party together without any "foreign entries." I am one of those who stoutly opposed the rejection of foreign

crews whenever the question came up for discussion, not so much because I am in favour of seeing the foreigner at this regatta every year, as because it is, in my opinion, wholly impossible to reject him after he has been allowed to compete so long and twice to win the Grand Challenge. But, for all that, I believe he might just as well either have a meeting of his own soon after "Royal Henley," or be accommodated by private matches like the Harvard-Cambridge race at Putney. The real Henley is as independent as the University Boat Race of outside support. Each would be carried out if there was not a spectator on the river or the shores outside the friends and relations of the rowing-men. Not a penny goes to the Henley stewards, and the regatta is supported by a private subscription list on which the same names appear every year, and the oarsmen, who provide the chief amusement, also defray the greater part of the expenses caused by the spectators. They may be pardoned, then, for occasionally preferring to have their racing among themselves, and not caring very much about the outcries of the Henley housekeepers that the absence of foreign entries means a serious loss of money.

What a "domestic" regatta can do in the way of good racing is very obvious from two instances—the finishes shown by Eton and by Wadham. Only twice before has our most celebrated public school rowed in a final heat for the Grand Challenge, and on both occasions she had so good a crew that they provide the best of omens for the future; and a great deal more of the future of English rowing depends on the excellence of an Eton crew than has sometimes been realised.

The victory of Wadham is scarcely less significant. It is fifty-nine years since Wadham sent a crew to Henley. In 1849, unable to leave Oxford until four in the afternoon, owing to the unsympathetic attitude of the authorities, they had to drive to Henley and back to college. They beat Second Trinity by half a length for the Ladies' Plate, and were given the race on a foul against the same college in the Grand. The crews dined together with so much good feeling that Wadham has ever since worn the light blue of the University from which came the oarsmen she had had the honour to defeat; and now, after so many years, the portrait of Admiral Blake, her greatest wetbob, will be able to look down with benignant satisfaction upon a third Henley cup, for the medals of the Thames Cup have been added to those which commemorate in Junior Common Room the two greater Henley trophies. Wadham's first race was won by 2ft., her next by about 10yds., her last by a bare length. Her stroke was lighter than her coxswain and her seven was tried the next day at bow in one of the English representative crews. Few men at the regatta so well deserved that honourable recognition.

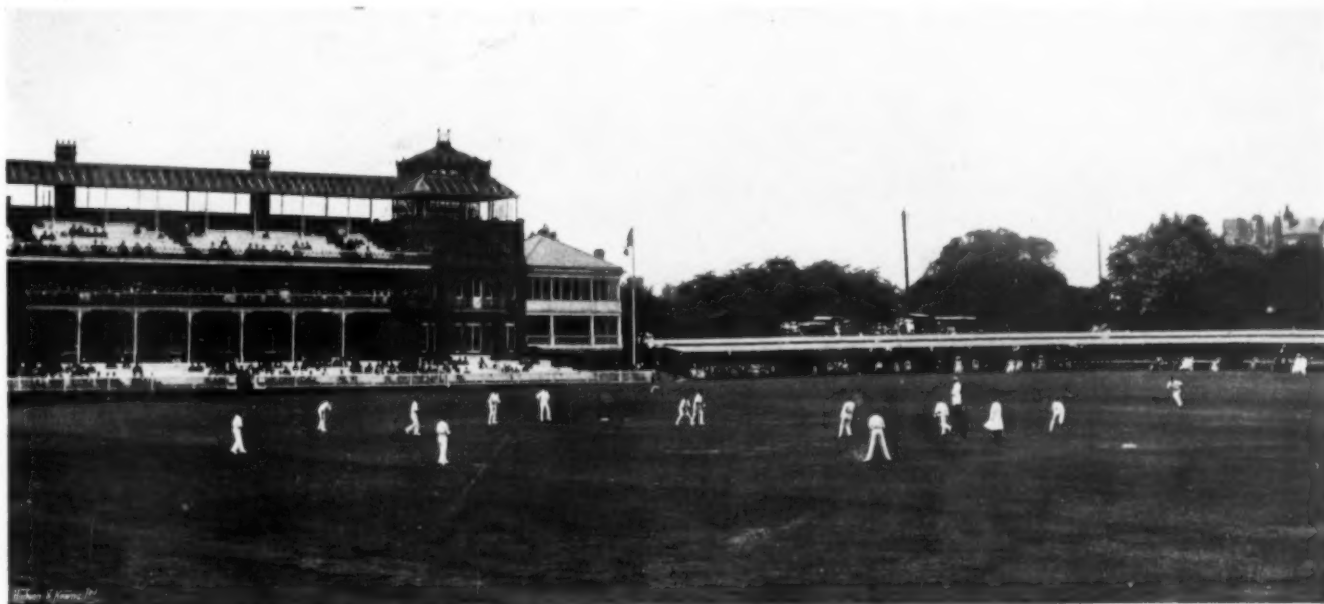
In the other results, I need only add that Blackstaffe, the popular and veteran Vesta sculler, threw away his chances in the Diamonds by deliberately taking his opponent's water. Magdalen only did what was expected of her. Christ Church again showed that there is far more pace in her peculiar style than is sometimes supposed. The Thames Four most thoroughly deserved their victory, especially as they had had but little practice and were against a most determined stroke, in Balfour. The arrangements of the course, made by Mr. H. T. Steward and Mr. J. F. Cooper, were even better than before.

T. A. C.

## TWO GREAT CRICKET MATCHES.

**I**N former days it was invariably the case to find the amateurs very strong in batting and weak in bowling, but in the present match it was the contrary. The batting was weak, and, excepting Mr. Fry, nobody showed the unmistakable stamp of a batsman of genius, and it was not really first rate among the Players. Good judges of the game know well how this indefinable style impresses itself on the spectator. Good batting there was, of course, from Mr. Fry, Hobbs, Hardstaff and Tarrant, but of real style Mr. Fry and Hayward seemed to be the only

match, and it is to be hoped that this was prompted not by a natural desire to keep away from the bumping ball, but for sounder reasons. He hit all round the wicket and kept the ball down, no easy thing at Lord's last week. Tarrant is nearly the best bat in England to fast bowling, and his back play is wonderfully safe. In playing back he moves his bat at the last second by a turn of the wrists, and he is watching the ball all the time; while his cutting, though not hard, is very well timed. Hardstaff batted very well; not that he has anything striking in his style, but he is not a slow though a



MR. R. A. YOUNG BATTING FOR CAMBRIDGE.

possessors. It is true that Hayward did not come off to a great extent, but what play he did show was of first-rate quality. For the Gentlemen Mr. Fry's seventy in the first innings was the only really good innings played, for Mr. Warner never looked set, and did not take sufficient advantage of pitched-up balls, and the Rev. F. H. Gillingham also, for a fine powerful driving bat, seemed afraid to let himself go, and when he did try to hit Fielder, towards the end of the innings, he hit wildly with no result. The Jam of Nawanager was a disappointment, and the governing of a native State seems to have had the effect of increasing his bulk to such an extent that he finds a difficulty in getting down to field a ball on the ground, and running is no longer a pleasure to him. In bowling, the Gentlemen are very much above the average; Mr. Brearley, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Napier and Mr. Douglas are all good, and Mr. Napier and Mr. Crawford are bowlers with ideals; they vary length, and Mr. Crawford can also vary pace.

When the Gentlemen had finished their first innings for 217 people said the score was not good enough, and they were right; but if the amateurs had not been so generous in the giving away of extras and Hobbs had been held off a difficult chance, there would have been very little in it. Mr. Brearley could not make the ball get up like Fielder, but he bowled well, and Hobbs played in a style different from what he showed last year. He used to be always in front of the wicket, but he did not play like that in this

sound player, and he gave no chance. Though of diminutive stature, he can, for his inches, perform the miracle of getting over rising, fast balls.

A lead of 122 is nothing at the Oval, but is a good deal at Lord's when the wicket is a bit lively and bowlers like Fielder and Wass are against the side which are behind to this extent. Much, in fact everything, depended on Mr. Fry and Mr. Warner, and Mr. Fry began better than he did in the first innings, but just as he looked settled and well in for a long score he hit a ball into his wicket, and after this it was a case of the deluge. Nobody could get over the bowling to drive it—they were all on the defence. Lilley managed the bowling with skill and judgment, and then was seen the high value of Relf as a bowler. A supporter of the professionals looking on would have been quite satisfied if a bowler at the pavilion end could have merely kept the runs down, for Fielder and Wass, from the nursery end, always looked like getting the Gentlemen out, as the wicket from that end was occasionally bumping. But Relf was doing more than keeping runs down, he was getting wickets as well, and as an example of sound good length bowling coming fast off the ground, it was the best exposition of the art of bowling in the match. Relf never lost his length; but it must be said the play of the batsmen was very bad. Several were constantly in front of the wicket, and three of them, two to Relf and one to Rhodes, were very rightly given out l.b.w. It was observable as a curious fact all through the match that the batsmen seemed

to take care not to get in front of the wicket to the fast bowlers. It might be that they did not want to get hit by the rising ball, but to Relf and Rhodes it was another matter; but righteous judgment overtook them. The bowling was good, but there was a great lack of enterprise, Mr. Warner batting for thr. 50min. for 42 on a very fast wicket, while Mr. Douglas was painfully slow. But the fact was that, after Mr. Fry got out, the batsmen were cramped by continually looking out for the rising ball from Fielder and Wass, and could do nothing against Relf except defend their wicket, not wholly successfully. The Players got the 55 runs required to win in a cheerful vein, and nobody could say that they were playing for their averages, for they let go at everything, and three wickets were lost before the match was won. It may interest many to know that the Rev. F. H. Gillingham is the first clergyman playing in this match since the Rev. E. T. Drake in 1859.



THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL



THE HON. C. N. BRUCE GOING OUT TO BAT FOR OXFORD.

week had produced an effect of slowness on the wicket at Lord's, which may account for the fact that run-getting on either side was mediocre. After the first day's play Cambridge had made 188 in a first innings, and Oxford 173 for six wickets. For the other side, Mr. J. N. Buchanan had made 35 before being run out, and Mr. R. E. H. Baily 29 before being caught. The scores of both had been slightly exceeded by Mr. H. J. Goodwin, who had 40 to his credit. The batting on the whole can only be described with accuracy as indifferent. But what made the

match interesting was that it was practically the same on both sides, as Oxford made only 207 in their first innings. The difference between that and 183 on a batsman's day is practically nil. In their second venture, Cambridge made a total of 201, Mr. R. A. Young contributed 54, Mr. Falcon 31 and Mr. Buchanan 33 of that total. On Tuesday Oxford had lost six wickets for 125 runs, so that the game was left in a very exciting condition. Mr. Robinson and Mr. Hatfield were batting, and Oxford wanted 58 runs to win, and had four wickets in hand.

It was unfortunate that a change in the weather completely altered the conditions of play. The rain began about seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, but it did not prevent a large crowd from assembling to see the finish. It promised at one time to be a sensational one, as with Mr. Lyttelton's first ball, Mr. Robinson lost his wicket for 14. For some time the players continued in spite of the rain, which, however, came down so heavily as to lead to a suspension of the game, Oxford at that point having made a total of 147 for seven wickets. The match was most evenly contested.

That eminent cricketer and good judge of the game, Mr. P. F. Warner, writing beforehand of the Oxford and Cambridge teams, thought that the odds were slightly in favour of Oxford, because of the greater strength and variety of their bowling. The trust of Cambridge was placed in the batting of their captain, Mr. R. A. Young, and in the bowling of Mr. Olivier. As a fielding side he considered Cambridge better than Oxford, and the conclusion of the whole matter was that he thought that Oxford was sure to win. The progress of the game has shown that Mr. Warner knew what he was speaking about. The rains of last



MR. R. A. YOUNG (ON THE LEFT) AND MR. C. G. WRIGHT LEAVING THE PAVILION.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE WASTEFULNESS OF NATURE.

JUNE, which comes in so clamorous with bird-song, goes out almost hushed and silent, with her finger, as it were, on her lips. One afternoon in the first week of June this year, in the course of half-an-hour, in a certain orchard where the path winds by a high, tangled hedge through old lichen-ragged apple trees long past bearing, there was a continual chorus of bird voices, in which the notes of fifteen different performers were identifiable. The fifteen were as follows: Wood-pigeon, turtle-dove, nightingale, blackcap, whitethroat, hedge-sparrow, house-sparrow, greenfinch, chaffinch, wren, spotted flycatcher, blackbird, song-thrush, missel-thrush (alarm note only) and swallow. In the last week in June I spent a somewhat longer time on the same orchard path, at as near as possible the same time of the day. Once a turtle-dove crooned for a minute or two; once a song-thrush sang a few phrases brokenly. A nightingale croaked as long as I was in sight a whitethroat protested against my approach to its nest, and young sparrows, sitting stodgily on the hedgetops, chirped insistently for more food. Otherwise there was not a note from any bird, and, except the first two mentioned (the croon of the dove and the thrush's broken music), none of the sounds was what could possibly be called a song.

### TOUJOURS PERDRIX!

With a little energy and a butterfly net it would be possible to collect enough young birds in all stages of helplessness just now to fill a considerable basket. Every nest in tree and hedge and undergrowth has been spilling its little balls of fluff out into the world by handfuls, and it is not a kind or a comfortable world to the fledgeling. The total bird population of the country has been multiplied about fivefold during the last couple of months or so; but next spring it will be no larger than it was when nesting began this year. A large number of young birds seem to die for no reason at all, and one finds the poor little bodies by the roadside and on the garden paths; and if one stumbles on so many in places where they are exposed to view, the number that must fall in the long grass or where they are screened by foliage of hedge and bush is almost incalculable. In addition, everything that likes to kill or eat young birds has all the sport and all the provender it cares for in these days. Benjamin, the cat (we do our best to teach him, but he is unrestrainable), is almost satiated and *hasé*, and lies while a brood of young wrens is being fed in the lilac above his head, watching in complete indifference. "I really can't take another one, thank you," he says.

### THE PERILS OF INSECT LIFE.

Of course, the birds themselves meanwhile are carrying on the work of destruction of smaller life on an even more comprehensive scale; for the number of caterpillars and things that a single pair of insectivorous birds must do away with in the course of a season is almost unthinkable. In a certain corner of the kitchen garden a colony of the common woolly mullain has established itself, and every year half-a-dozen or so of the plants are allowed to remain "for the caterpillars." There is a moth known as the mullain moth, the caterpillars of which feed almost entirely on this particular

plane. It is a large moth and a conspicuous caterpillar. About five weeks ago the first brood of caterpillars of the year appeared on the plants, and one could count over twenty of the little things barely half an inch long. A week later it was difficult to find more than half-a-dozen of them; but meanwhile a new brood had appeared, and in a very casual inspection it was again easy to count, of the two broods together, over a score. In another two weeks it once more demanded some searching to discover more than six or seven. Then a third brood appeared, and to-day there remains one veteran of the first brood (one only out of a probable thirty) a noble creature nearly *zin*, long and almost as thick as a pencil, boldly marked with black and yellow speckles on a pale blue-green ground. Next to him there seem to survive five of the second brood, now sizeable caterpillars of over an inch in length. Finally, there are seven or eight of the third brood, still small and reasonably insignificant.

### A BALACLAVA HERO.

So there remain in all less than twenty caterpillars out of, it is fairly safe to assume, an original 100, and the two later broods have more than half their perilous lives ahead of them. Of the first brood only one old warrior remains, and (even supposing that he has not been used as an egg depository by an ichneumon fly, so as to carry the seeds of death inside him) he is not at the end of his troubles yet and will not be for another week. By that time how many of the other two lots will be left? It is almost certain that these three broods were the offspring of three different moths. There is no evidence that the moths are growing any more abundant in England as the years go on, and to keep the stock up to its proper numbers those three broods ought again to produce three females and a corresponding number of males. Perhaps that is what they will ultimately do, ninety or more having been given as hostages to fortune that six might struggle through—all that are left of them, noble one hundred!

### THE WAY OF A WASP WITH A FLY.

Speaking of the "deaths of kings," there appeared in a contemporary paper not long ago, over the signature of a well-known naturalist, an account of the way of a wasp with a bluebottle fly. The naturalist had (apparently for the first time) seen, on a day which happened to be windy, a wasp capture a bluebottle. He recounts what he saw the wasp do, namely, snip off the head, wings and abdomen of the fly and carry off all that was left (the thorax), presumably for use in its nursery larder. The observer opines that all this lightening of the snip was necessary because it was a windy day. The wasp, finding that the whole fly was too much to manage in a gale, dispensed with the greater part of it and went off with what it safely could; and therefrom the naturalist deduces a lesson on the intelligence of the wasp.

### THE INTELLIGENCE OF WASPS.

The drawback is that this is, I believe, the regular behaviour of any wasp with every bluebottle fly which it catches at any time, whether it be windy or still. I have certainly seen the same performance gone through many times; and have been puzzled to account for the wasp's throwing away

the abdomen. My suggestion is that the abdomen has in it the seeds of rapid decomposition and, as the provision has to be stored for use in the future, the wasp has somehow been instructed to throw it away and keep only the thorax (which is, as it were, the shoulder part of the fly), although the latter would appear at first sight to have less good eatable stuff in it than the part discarded. If this is the right conjecture, it seems to me a much more wonderful example of the "intelligence" (the adaptation of means to ends) of the wasp than the mere discovering that it is of no use to try and carry off more than it can manage.

#### A POOR CATCH.

I once saw a wasp catch a large ichneumon fly, and it went through the customary routine, cutting off and dropping the head and wings and abdomen. But the thorax of an ichneumon fly is singularly lean and, so to speak, bony, holding out very little promise of containing much sustenance for a healthy growing wasp-grub. Apparently this occurred to the wasp, for when it found what it had left it turned it over two or three times between its mouth and its fore feet and then deliberately sent it after the waste parts that had gone before. There was a ludicrous air of finality about the way that it dropped it, as if thoroughly disgusted with the whole adventure.

#### NATURE AND HUMAN INTERESTS.

That a wasp should kill an ichneumon fly at all is one of those facts which confound our "economic entomology" from a human standpoint. The wasp kills caterpillars which destroy our roses, so we praise it. But it also kills ichneumon flies, whose chief business in life is the destruction of those same caterpillars. It earns our congratulations by killing bluebottles; and the next thing it preys on is, perhaps, a spider, which, had it been spared, might itself have killed twenty bluebottles, besides innumerable other "noxious" insects. And is a bluebottle more harmful than advantageous? The truth is that when, from the point of view of our own interests, we begin to parcel out Nature into things which are deleterious and things which are beneficial, we land ourselves into a labyrinth of contradictions. But it is (however unscientific) comforting to know that in many parts of America there is a large wasp which practically preys on nothing except big spiders of the tarantula kind. The notion of a ferocious hunting-spider being stung into insensibility, and then stowed away (as in an ice-chamber) for the innocent young wasp-grubs to eat when they emerge (when one thinks what that spider could do to the same grubs if only he was awake) has a pleasant suggestion of poetic, if rather lop-sided, justice.

H. P. R.

## SHOOTING.

### THE OUTLOOK FOR THE YEAR.

NO one who has followed the nesting of the game, whether by independent personal reports or by the accounts given from time to time in our shooting notes, can fail to realise that we have a fair right to look forward to a shooting season very much above the average. It does not matter which particular kind of game-bird we regard, nor does it matter in which direction we look; in every part of England and Scotland and in respect of every species the story is very much the same, and a very good story it is. Thus, of the grouse, the partridge and the wild pheasant alike we find that the birds which laid early suffered. Some of the eggs were spoilt by frost, and in the case of each species there were some birds which did nest very early, while the majority were rather late. The birds will be found unequal when the shooting season begins—some will be very strong and forward, but perhaps the larger number will be more than usually backward. But though some of the earliest eggs were spoilt, all the later ones, of all species, were hatched out in a very large percentage, and, generally speaking, the weather was extremely favourable to the young birds in those early days which are the crucial ones for the nestlings. The partridges suffered no deluges in those first hours when a deluge means the drowning of very many of them. On the contrary, that from which they suffered, if they suffered at all, was from the drought—not so much from the immediate lack of water, for the very heavy dews at night helped them out in this, but indirectly from the lack of insect food which is always an incident of the very dry weather. This is a point which suggests a question. We have grown so clever in ministering to the wants of the wild birds that it does not seem impossible that the ingenuity of those who concern themselves professionally with the matter might devise some kind of food to take the place for young partridges of their natural insect diet in seasons when there is a marked scarcity of it. No one need think such a notion as this preposterous who has seen what a deal of help may be given to the grouse stock by means of intelligently-administered supplies of water, of grit and so on, such as are now provided for them on well-managed moors like that of the Mackintosh, at Moy, for example. We ought to be able, and, in fact, we have proved the ability, to do more for a homely and friendly bird like the partridge of the arable land than for the grouse of the moorland, though even for the latter we can do a good deal.

It is not very easy to say for how much our better understanding of the wants of the game-birds, and our more effective ministration to them, has counted in producing the excellent prospect which is before us at the moment; but we may reasonably ascribe more than a little to it. Setting aside the difficulty, which is rather a special one, of providing a particular diet for birds at a particular moment of their existence, our purveyors understand the general needs of the different birds well enough, and can provide for them, catering for the taste even of such "outsiders" of the game-list as the "tame" wild duck. We know, or, at least, we think we know, the best kind of fodder with which to supplement the natural supplies, which fail in snowy weather, for the deer. They, perhaps, are only fairly promising, the early prospects not being fully maintained, by reason of that very cold snap in the spring. This kept their natural pasture backward, and is likely to tell on their weight when they come to the rifle and the larder. To what extent this affects the heads is open to speculation. The owner of almost the best stag forest in Scotland told the present writer that he considered the heads to be dependent entirely on later circumstances. The man who has rented the very next forest for many years said that, of course, the general condition of the deer, which was so much affected by spring feeding,

influenced the head growth also. It seems most reasonable to think it would, but against this reasonableness has to be put the undoubted fact that in some years weights are good, while heads are poor, and *vice versa*; so that it is obvious that the favouring conditions for body and horn respectively are not necessarily the same. On the whole, however, deer are looking well, though the prospect is not quite as brilliant as it appeared at one time; but for all the rest of the game it could not easily be better.

### THE DROUGHT AND THE YOUNG PARTRIDGES.

THE weather was quite ideal for the hatch out of the young partridges, but—it appears that there must always be a but—it has been uncommonly droughty in the days which have followed. This is not a disadvantage which can be perfectly met by the placing of pans of drinking water, as we have recommended again and again, in gaps, near footpaths and beside other places to which the birds resort for dusting themselves or to pass from one ground to another. The peculiar hardship on the birds of drought at this particular time is that it almost inevitably implies a great scarcity of the insect food on which the young ones largely depend. No effective way has been devised yet for supplementing this deficiency, and a certain loss and weakness of the young stock is nearly certain to result from it. The great point, however, is the excellent one that the hatch out and the nesting conditions generally were so favourable, and from what we hear of the unusually forward state of the young birds in many parts there is good reason to hope that the partridges will be both plentiful and strong when the shooting season begins. Until that still distant date we shall now have comparatively little opportunity of learning more on this important subject, for the birds get away into the standing corn and other coverts where no counting of their numbers is possible.

### PARTRIDGES DESTROYED BY THE MOWING-MACHINE.

With regard to the dates of nesting of the partridges, speaking particularly of the birds in the Eastern Counties, though the account may serve as fairly representative of the happenings in most parts of the country, it is evident that a pretty sharp division may be drawn between those which began nesting before the cold spell came and those which delayed their nesting until after it; and although, on the whole, the season promises very finely and an unusually large percentage were hatched off safely, a certain number of the later nesting birds were destroyed by the mower. We hear of one estate on which thirty-six parent birds were guillotined by the mower. The grass had attained some little height by the time they began their domestic operations, so that they were induced to nest in this dangerous situation. Still, all looks very well, and the prolonged drought has been kindly mitigated for them by very heavy dew at night.

### GOOD ACCOUNTS OF THE PHEASANTS.

The general account of the pheasants seems to be that of the earlier laid eggs a number were spoiled by the frost, but that the hatch out of the later eggs has been very satisfactory indeed. This applies to the wild pheasants and to the tame birds also, and those rearers of tame pheasants who supplemented the losses of the earlier eggs by buying a later supply have done very well indeed with them. All round, perhaps, there never was a shooting season which, at this early stage, promised so well, though it is, of course, a long shot yet even to the beginning of grouse-shooting.

### GROUSE REPORTS FROM WALES.

It is seldom that the reports about the grouse are as good as they are this year, and it is still more seldom that all the country over the accounts are so consistent with each other. "The birds passed through a trying time, but, all things considered, have hatched off wonderfully well," is a description which seems as if it might fit every grouse moor in our islands. From almost the most southern point at which a grouse is to be found we have the keeper writing: "We had a bad time of frost and snow in April, just as the birds were laying. Some few were sitting and did not take any harm, but we lost some eggs in the nests which were open, some being totally spoilt. They would average about seven eggs in a nest, and have hatched, I should say, on the whole, including the spoilt nests in the count, 85 per cent. As the birds whose nests were spoilt are now mostly sitting on second nests, they will be a help to the percentage. The birds are looking well, and I hope for a little better season than last." Certainly this is an optimistic report, for last season was by no means a bad one on this moor. As a rule, grouse-keepers are not disposed to optimism, and we know this man to be of prudent

and judicial mind in his forecasts. But the percentage of hatched-out eggs which he names is certainly remarkably high, the spoilt ones being taken into the reckoning. Apart from this, his report might hold equally good for an extreme Northern moor, and also, generally speaking, for all the grouse ground between the two.

#### WELSH GROUSE'S CAPRICE IN NESTING.

The very capricious habit of the grouse in regard to their date of nesting this year is in evidence in our reports from the Welsh moors, as well as those which we have already mentioned from the North. One of the Welsh grouse men writes: "I think that the bulk of the birds are somewhat later than last year, though some are very early. I have to-day seen two coveys with the black feather showing in their tails." Of course, there is a natural explanation for this. Some birds, both South and North, beginning their nesting operations early and happening to have the luck to bring off their broods safely in spite of the frost and snow of April, would be the parents of these precocious young ones. On the other hand, those which had not begun thus early would delay their nesting until the cold spell was over, and their numbers would be increased, as regards the date at which the young would be seen, by the birds which lost their nests or had their eggs spoilt in the cold and snow. Considering how very severe that cold spell was, and the unfortunate moment at which it visited us, it is certainly remarkable that the prospects for the whole of the grouse country, in England, Scotland and Wales alike, should be as bright as they are, and it is as satisfactory as it is remarkable.

#### ABOUT GROUSE IN YORKSHIRE.

A note which one of our Yorkshire correspondents sends us with regard to the prospects of the grouse-shooting in that county seems to sum up and typify the general situation so well, and especially to show such eminently sound wisdom in its final conclusion, that we can do no harm by quoting his own words: "I think it will be quite an average year in my part of the world. Owing to snow, a good many eggs were scattered about the moor and some were frost-bitten, but on the whole the hatch off was a fair one, and subsequently the weather has been all that could be desired. I never think I know much till luncheon-time of the first driving day, but I see no reason to despair." The snow interfering and spoiling sport to a certain extent, yet the birds defying the conditions and bringing off a fair average hatch in spite of them, and the prospects of "quite an average year" being bright, fit nearly the whole of our grouse country as a general description. We have seen that in some of the early marked nests at Moy 70 per cent. of the eggs hatched out safely. And if the prophecies are as good as we have seen them to be, the realisation is likely to be a little better, just because of that fact which our cautious correspondent makes a point of—that you never can tell till you begin to try—and because everyone is afraid of prophesying smooth

things, lest they turn out to be less smooth when put to the proof. The heather conceals all sorts of dramas, and we have to do a good deal of guesswork as to what has been going on behind its curtain.

#### BIG GAME AND TSETSE FLY.

Some shameless member of the Grouse Disease Commission is credited with perpetrating the enormity of saying that since the Commission began its sittings they are not nearly as "Koch-sure" about the disease as they once were. It is to be presumed that no shooter of big game would be so lost to all sense of decorum as to attempt a similar *jeu de mot*; but in something of the same spirit big-game-shooters are likely to maintain that we require to know a good deal more about the relations between the tsetse fly and the big game, and the communication of the fly from the wild game to the domestic animals, before we proceed to adopt the heroic remedy which has been audaciously recommended in some high quarters, based on the line of investigation with which the name of Dr. Koch is specially associated, of destroying all the big game in those areas where the fly is a scourge to domestic stock. It is certainly a formidable measure, and its recommendation comes with rather a peculiar shock at the moment when many of the civilised nations which have assumed the guardianship of the wild places of the earth are busily occupied with devising means—by protected zones, sanctuaries, close times, licences and so forth—for saving from utter destruction the wild and beautiful creatures which this proposed measure aims at annihilating. The life of our domestic animals is doubtless of far greater value than the preservation of the wild game, and should rightly be the first consideration; but, in the name of all that is wise and merciful, let us make very sure that the object will be attained before we proceed to such very drastic experiments.

#### A DAYLIGHT-SAVING STORY.

Is this a story appropriate to the shooting columns? At all events, it had a shooting lodge for its original scene, and it is appropriate to the moment at which the Bill for saving us some blessed hours of daylight is on the  *tapis*  for discussion. There was a lodge, far remote, at which it was the custom to advance the clock by three hours when the establishment moved into it from the South, and the course of life went very smoothly and without much artifice in the way of light. Then there came a day (it was a Sunday) when a party from a distant lodge (where these improved hours did not prevail) came over unexpectedly in a motor to pay this lodge a late afternoon call. The party arrived to find their hosts in the middle of family prayers and on the point of going to bed. Now this is a little *contretemps* which would not happen if Mr. Willett could have his way. The only people that would have to worry about it are the grouse and the deer, for we should have more hours in which to worry them.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### THE BUSHEY HALL COMPETITION.

**B**Y the time these notes see the light of day in their final, and considerably more legible form of print, there will have been decided the biggest purely sectional competition which ever has been held; that is, the competition at Bushey Hall of the Southern section of the professionals according to their division for purposes of the *News of the World* prize. From this, as appears at the moment of putting the note on paper, no eligible competitor of any distinction will be absent—the great Frenchman, still great, though champion no more; Braid, the reigning champion; and ex-champions such as Harry Vardon, the naturalised French champion, J. H. Taylor and the whole company of the big men of the South, to the number in all (supposing them to be Tritons without exception, and no minnow among them) of 111—three ones, "for remembrance." That is a big gathering for a mere section, but it is for the most considerable section both in quantity and quality.

#### TAYLOR AGAIN!

What a lot of nonsense people talk, when a man for a few days or weeks shows a little lapse in his game, about his present decadence and imminent dissolution. It was in terms of this kind that some folk were talking of Taylor, just because he did not make a very fine show (for him) at Prestwick. Immediately, as if by way of reply to these criticisms, and a fairly practical reply, too, he has "been and gone and won the French championship," and again has headed the list at Lancaster, to say nothing of hammering Harry Vardon at the opening of the Harewood Downs course. So he is holding his own all right, if not as much as usual of what used to be the property of his opponents. The man who seems to be considered the coming one, judging by the gossip of those who saw the play at Prestwick, is Robson. They say he drives as far as Braid, and with much less effort. I do not believe it, but that is what "they" say. But I do believe him to be a player of wonderful promise.

#### HARRY VARDON'S MEDALS.

I am in the unfortunate position of being able to sympathise in a peculiar manner with Harry Vardon in the loss, at a burglar's hands, of many, if not all, of his numerous trophies, for some gentlemen in the same profession paid me a visit a year or two ago and treated me in a like fashion. Gold medals are such very convertible things that they seem likely to be of much attraction to the enterprising burglar, and it does not appear that the profession has overlooked this quality. It was more recently than the date of my own loss that a visit was paid to Mr. Mure Ferguson's house in London with the same object, and, unfortunately, fully realised. By these occurrences it may be as well that those who still have any nice portable trophies remaining should take warning, have a good lock on the door and on the windows, a watchful dog on the premises, and take their niblicks to bed with them. We may assume it as pretty certain that if champion Braid once got his niblick well home on the head of a nocturnal visitor of this

species, this particular exponent of the art would be so badly "topped" that he would not soon be ready for another little game of the kind.

#### YOUNG SAYERS AND HEARN.

I am sorry that Hearn did not do himself better justice when he played Ben Sayers the younger at Mitcham the other day. It is no detraction from the merit of Sayers's play to say that Hearn did himself less than justice in being beaten as he was by six and five on the thirty-six holes, for he is a very fine player, especially on his own course. I am sorry that he did not fare better, partly in the high cause of equity—because he deserved better—but also because he is from the West Country (whence all good things come), and I have a fellow-feeling for him. He had hardly played a match of any note before, and, no doubt, his inexperience was against him. Young Ben Sayers has all the paternal wisdom at the back of him, as well as a great deal more of first-hand experience and hardening than can have come in Hearn's way.

#### THE UBIQUITOUS AMATEUR CHAMPION.

A correspondent writes to remark what a singularly gifted person the present amateur champion is. "In 1899," he writes, "I saw Lasen playing in the amateur championship at Prestwick, and in a golfing paper of the same week saw that he was playing at the same time somewhere in the North of England—I think at Huddersfield—with a handicap of seven. I am also told that he can play Bridge and five games of chess at the same time." There is no doubt that all this points to a ubiquity both of mind and body which is quite unusual, even in a champion golfer; and if this be the case with a mere amateur champion, in how many places at once, physically and mentally, may we reasonably expect James Braid to be? It is a simple sum of rule of three.

#### A QUEER CASE AGAINST BOGEY.

A correspondent communicates a "queer case" of the way in which handicaps sometimes work out. It occurred in a foursome tournament against Bogey, and, being a little uncertain as to the strokes received—whether nine, ten or eleven—the players worked out the result on their return on the basis of each of these allowances respectively, thinking that probably the result would be about the same in every case. In the conclusion it appeared that getting nine strokes the players were seven down, with ten strokes only two down and with eleven strokes four down. Of course, this is "the sort of thing that happens." We have often seen something of the kind before, but perhaps never in so aggravated a form. However, it is all in the day's work. Our correspondent seems a little inclined to take it as a text on which to preach against Bogey and his methods altogether. Probably Bogey has done him a bad turn some time or other—there are few of us who escape his claws altogether—but, "to give the Devil his due," this is not precisely Bogey's particular fault. The singularity might have worked out just as unequal against a human giver of the odds. And why should we expect justice in such a world as this—in golf more than other walks of life? It is said that the money made out of "Charley's Aunt"

exceeds the united earnings of Scott, Thackeray and Dickens, which almost suggests a doubt whether the emoluments even of literature are quite equally divided? Why expect golf to be an exception to the general rule of injustice?

H. G. H.

#### THE PARLIAMENTARY TOURNAMENT.

The final of this year's Parliamentary Tournament came to a tame conclusion. Mr. Oswald Partington, M.P., in his thirty-six-hole match in the final at Byfleet beat Mr. H. J. Badeley of the House of Lords by twelve up and eleven to play. Mr. Badeley had to give his opponent five strokes in each round; but, as Mr. Partington has been a fast-improving player for several years past, it was doubtful, even if Mr. Badeley had been playing his best game, whether the odds could have been conceded with any ultimate prospect of success. Mr. Badeley won the Parliamentary Tournament in 1901, and he was in the final in 1906, when he lost to Mr. F. H. Newnes, M.P.

#### MASSY'S EARLY REMINISCENCES.

It is always pleasing to read the grateful memories attending a well-known player's early struggles to climb the ladder of fame. Massy—like Braid, Taylor and Vardon—has lately put on record in the *Evening Dispatch* of Edinburgh how much he owes to his golf training and encouragement when a visitor at North Berwick. Massy began as a caddie at Biarritz when he was fourteen years of age. In those early years he says that he carried for many well-known players—Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. Charles Hutchings, Mr. Hambro, sen., and his sons. At twenty-one, Mr. Hambro took Massy to North Berwick, and on five or six occasions Massy remained at North Berwick for six months throughout the golfing season.

#### HIS INDEBTEDNESS TO SCOTLAND.

"I desire to acknowledge," adds Massy, "my indebtedness to the place, and, indeed, to Scotland generally. These residences in Scotland were of the utmost value to me. While playing regularly with the Scottish cracks, amateur and professional, I gained the experience necessary to my further development, and gradually became fit for the championship fray. By degrees I began to find myself talked of in golfing circles, and bracketed with the great ones of the golfing firmament. But my debt to North Berwick extends far beyond mere golf. When I went in search of a wife five years ago, I did not look beyond North Berwick, or a daughter of Captain Henderson, who no longer goes down to the sea in ships. The town consequently is intimately associated in my mind with the domestic ties and charities of life. It means all the sweet echoes of home to me, and my wife remains by my side as a memento of what Scotland and North Berwick have done for me. My reception at the hands of my brother professionals and the golfing public has always been most cordial. They do not seem to have been in the least disturbed by the alien idea, and, Frenchman though I be, I have never experienced the faintest trace of exclusiveness. Although my permanent home is now at La Boulie, my lines have been so pleasantly cast in Scotland that, unlike most of my compatriots exiled for long from their beloved *patrie*, I never suffered poignantly from the *maladie au pays*."

#### STRIKING THE OPPONENT'S BALL IN STROKE PLAY.

In Rule 14 of the revised rules there is a useful paragraph which will have, it may be hoped, the effect of checking an illegal practice which has shown symptoms of spreading. This section of the new rules states: "If the competitor whose ball is the nearer to the hole lift his ball while the player's ball is in motion he shall incur a penalty of one stroke." One frequently sees players in competitions for a medal, when the balls are in the position of what might be described as "a long stinnie" on the putting green, standing at the ball lying nearer to the hole, watching the course of the running ball played up by the partner, and then stooping down to pick up the obstructing ball, so that it should not be hit by the moving ball, and then replacing it after the other has passed. This procedure is, of course, illegal. A case in point, however, occurred among the professionals at Prestwick in the open

championship. Tom Vardon and Leach of Northwood were playing together. Vardon had a long run up on an undulating green, with Leach's ball lying close in the line of play. Instead of asking Leach either to hole or to pick up his ball, Vardon struck his own ball towards the hole. When he saw that there was a danger of the ball hitting Leach's, Vardon shouted to his partner to lift the ball. But fearing disqualification, Leach properly refused to lift his ball, and Vardon was penalised a stroke for striking the ball of his partner. Vardon apparently forgot to notice that as soon as he set his ball in motion nothing could save him from incurring the penalty that he risked. He ought to have asked Leach to lift his ball before playing the next stroke; and in the circumstances Leach acted quite rightly.

#### THE AURORA BOREALIS FROM THE LINKS.

From various quarters of the country come accounts from golfers as to the unusual brightness of the sky during several nights of the past week. Mr. Holcombe Ingleby, the founder of the Royal West Norfolk Golf Club at Brancaster, has written a letter in which he describes how a band of golfers staying at the Brancaster Dormy House "strolled towards the links at eleven o'clock" and, "looking northward across the sea, they found that the sky had the appearance of a dying sunset of exquisite beauty." The effect lasted until between 2 a.m. and 3 a.m., and Mr. Ingleby states that on being aroused from sleep at 1.15 a.m., "so strong was the light that I could read a book by it in my chamber quite comfortably." Half-an-hour later the whole sky in the north and north-east "was a delicate salmon pink, and the birds began their matutinal song." In East Lothian, too, the golfers at North Berwick—at least, those of them who "rosted" late—saw not only the marvellous colouring of the sky, but in the daytime they had a mirage wherein vessels passing up and down the Firth of Forth appeared at times to be out of the water, and the Bass Rock had the appearance of being twice its natural size. Late at night the sky was a lurid orange tint, with a stretch of clear blue. It was possible to see the gullies and the woods on the Lammermoors, and at midnight the small type of a newspaper could be quite easily read out of doors. Not any of the letter-writers, however, say that in such favourable atmospheric conditions they attempted to have a midnight round of the links while contemplating the coloured glories of the Aurora Borealis.

A. J. R.

#### EIGHT ROUNDS IN A DAY ON WESTWARD HO!

AT the request of the president of the Royal North Devon Golf Club, Captain Molesworth has written the following account of his seven and eight rounds, respectively played on single days. They have long been part of oral tradition, but are now first recorded historically:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—As you have asked me for the particulars of the seven, and afterwards the eight, rounds I played on the Westward Ho! links in 1874 in one day on each occasion, I herewith send you the details and how it was I came to play them.

It must be remembered that the links in '74 were not elongated for the rubber ball and the championship competitions as they are now. They had been laid out by Old Tom Morris, the custodian of the St. Andrews links, and were practically as long as, and certainly more difficult than, either Hoylake, Prestwick or St. Andrews. The proof that this was so is that Mr. George Glennie held the record of St. Andrews course with a score of 88 strokes for many years, whereas the least he ever accomplished over the Westward Ho! course was 92, and the average of his various victories amounted to 96. The putting greens then were in their natural state, brought to perfection not by heavy rollers but by the continuous tramp of players; and, as to the mowing, it was done



A SHREWD GOLFER.

by the four-footed woolly machines provided by Nature. The course was laid out to take advantage of bunkers which abounded, and the greens were in most cases guarded by rushes or other obstructions, beyond which in many cases the way to the hole was gained over undulating surfaces. The blue-ribbon golfers from St. Andrews, Blackheath, Prestwick and other famous Scotch links flocked to what was then and still is, notwithstanding suburban tendencies, the very queen of golf links. Among these, in the year 1874, was Sir Robert Hay, Bart., the most graceful wielder of the hickory wand. He had won the gold challenge medal presented by the now King Edward VII., at the Whitsuntide meeting, in a score of 93. The clubhouse then was an iron hut but hard by the pebble ridge, and the assembled golfers were having their lunch as usual on the grass outside. We knew not of the hot lunches or luxuries of the present day. Visitors brought down their sandwiches from the hotel and lodging-houses, the national Scotch beverage being supplied by old Adams, the steward. It fell out that we had been having a discussion as to the best form of liquid to drink on exploration parties, shooting expeditions, etc. From my experience, both in hot and cold climates, for endurance there was nothing better than cold tea.

Rulus Hay, a cousin of Sir Robert, was lying full length upon the grass, and Sir Robert was urging him to come out for a second round, but the former declared he was too tired to play any more. Upon this I remarked, "If you only adopted my theory of cold tea, you might play six rounds without serious fatigue." Upon which Hay said, "I will bet you half-a-crown you cannot do six rounds of these links in one day." Not so much for the value of the stake as to show the faith I had in my theory, I took his bet. The terms were that I should walk from my own house, a distance of about three miles, and back, carry my own clubs, and play six rounds in not over 102 strokes in each round. I played five rounds in less than 102 each, but the sixth round I was two strokes over. I therefore played a seventh round, which I completed in 97 strokes. As there was considerable interest in the result, it was held by some that I had in six rounds exceeded the proper total. The matter was referred to Sir Robert Hay, who sent me the half-a-crown with his decision that I had fulfilled the conditions of the bet.

Shortly after this, at a large dinner party at Westward Ho! the subject of the seven rounds was spoken of, and I was asked if I was not very tired after my day's work. Mr. H. S. C. Everard, a well-known writer on the game of golf, was of opinion that I could not succeed in doing seven rounds again. I said I could do eight, upon which he made me a bet which I there and then accepted. The conditions were as before, except that it was eight rounds instead of six, and the allowance for strokes was 840. I could choose my own day, but when I once started I must play to the finish or forfeit the stakes. On the morning I decided I left my house at 5 a.m., reaching the hut at about 5.45. The glass was high and rising, but there was a Scotch mist, which shortly after I teed off turned into a drenching rain which lasted during the whole of the first three rounds—so bad that I played only with three iron clubs. After the third round the sun came out, and though I was then drenched to the skin, by three o'clock I was dry as a bone. I never stopped from my first tee shot until I had completed the eight rounds in 815 strokes. Every hole had to be holed on it. Three markers kept the score for me. The food I had I ate as I walked round; it consisted of an apple and some biscuits. I reached my home shortly before 8 p.m. It was estimated at the time that in addition to the six miles' walking there would be about thirty-four miles of golfing—but when one is driving a little white ball before one into 144 holes time flies and distance fades. G. F. MOLESWORTH.

#### "THE 'LADIES' FIELD' GOLF BOOK," BY JAMES BRAID.

AFTER Braid's last transcendent proof that he can practise what he preaches, golfers, who never weary in the search for truth, will eagerly devour afresh the words of wisdom that he has given to the world. "The Ladies' Field Golf Book," though its primary object is denoted by its title, appeals almost equally to masculine readers. Most men, on casually picking up a lady's bag of clubs, feel certain that they could play far better with those alluring toys than with their own cumbrous



CAPTAIN MOLESWORTH.

Still golfing in his 86th year.

bludgeons. Herein they are often wrong; but, at any rate, they can extract nothing but good from reading Braid's advice directed to the owners of those clubs. Indeed, on a first reflection, we are inclined to say that the game is essentially the same for both sexes, and that there is no advice specially applicable to ladies. Herein, however, we shall find that we spoke in our haste ignorantly. Braid has had a vast number of lady pupils; he knows their strength and their weakness, and has several interesting things to say especially to them. They are above all things to avoid the fashionable inter-locked grip, because their fingers are not strong enough. They must learn to play their mashie shots cleanly and without taking turf, since they have not the requisite power to deal satisfactorily with a ball and a divot at the same time. They are to cultivate the running-up shot assiduously, and here the male part of the audience may listen again with all their ears. "In most cases," says Braid, "the shot is the safest one and gives the most reliable results." No one acts more thoroughly on this wisest of sayings than the author himself, whose frequent and effective use of the shot is in great contrast with the constant and rather mechanical pitching of many professionals. Finally, as a general rule, they are to make their swings as short as possible, and on this point anyone who has ever had the pleasure of trying to teach a lady will humbly, but heartily, concur with the champion. Many ladies swing back so fast and so far that the club only seems to retain just enough strength to crawl back to the ball with a painful slowness; indeed, they reverse the aphorism of Sir Walter Simpson, who likened the exaggerated "slow-back" to the action of a man trying to grab a fly on his ear.

The author takes his readers through each point of the game, and has much to say on all of them that is worthy of attention. There are photographs to show how the strokes should, and also should not, be made. The lady in the photograph has a most graceful style, modelled, we may suspect, on Braid's. If we may venture on a technical criticism, we should say that she does not come quite so well through as her master, and that the foot action is the least bit constrained. In this matter of the feet, however, a masculine photograph is rather more instructive, as a skirt is a sad impediment to minute and conscientious investigation.

Nothing is omitted in this excellent book, or, perhaps, we should say nothing is sacred to Braid, for he ventures upon the subject of dress and condemns high heels mercilessly. No doubt he has had the assistance of competent female advisers, for he has presumably had no personal experience of the merits of the elastic attachment for holding the skirt on a windy day, generally known, it appears, as a "Miss Higgins." B. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE PRESERVATION OF HEDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with great interest the most instructive article on this subject by Mr. Coape-Arnold. He has shown by his writing and the accompanying photographs that he is quite able to make practical use of his theories. I quite agree with him that if attention were paid to the hedges at the proper times, there would really be no necessity for half the quantity of barbed wire to be used. The use of barbed wire is brought about generally through neglect. For the sake of sometimes a few shillings in wages, a good hedge, which would make a good permanent fence, if well cut and laid, is hacked off about stake height as it stands; the consequence is that the top fills out in a very ugly way, while the bottom is left in holes and the roots of the hedge sooner or later become decayed, animals soon find their way through, and barbed wire is resorted to as a cheap remedy. The best examples of well-preserved hedges are shown us by the railway companies, particularly the Great Western and London and North Western, who plant the quick in double rows, and when it is ready for laying, they lay one side at a time, thus making sure of always having a good fence. There is another system of laying hedges in parts of Warwickshire in which the layers are trained both ways, and few, if any, stakes are used; but I am told this system has its drawbacks, and especially when the hedge requires laying a second time. A great deal depends on the nature of the soil on which the hedge grows; in a light soil one is often handicapped by rabbits, which find the hedgerows a convenient shelter. As Mr. Coape-Arnold rightly says, the art of hedge-laying is fast dying out. Several agricultural societies in the Midlands do something towards encouraging

good workmanship by giving prizes, the stipulation being that there is no barbed wire on the farm, and I know at least one County Council (Staffordshire) which gives technical instruction in the art. For the best examples in general use I think Warwickshire is an easy first, while Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire and parts of Staffordshire are very good. On the other hand, in the North of England it is not generally good, and in some parts seems utterly unknown, so much so that a few years ago a nobleman in the North sent for two Warwickshire men to teach the labourers on his estate how to lay the hedges. On one point I rather disagree with Mr. Coape Arnold; that is, about live stakes. Where there are cattle, or near a road, I think they are very useful and tend to strengthen the hedge, and where they are left they should always be nicked at the bottom, which checks the sap running to the top and helps to fill up round the roots as though the stake had been laid down. In conclusion, I hope landlords, land agents and occupiers of land will give this important subject the attention which it deserves.—J. E. M.

#### DEATH FROM A WEASEL'S BITE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in your issue of June 20th, on page 919, an account of the death of a young man in County Clare, Ireland, from the bite of a weasel. Of course, such an ending to a bite of an animal must be very rare, although it is well known that any abrasion of the skin, or wound, may give rise to inflammation and death from auto-infection or hetero-infection. However, it is not the unfortunate result of the accident that at present interests me and makes me write to you. I am anxious to know, from the zoological point of view, Was it a weasel? Many naturalists, English, Scotch and Welsh keepers, too, have assured me there are no weasels in Ireland; that they have never seen them or heard of one in Ireland; in fact, that the animal always called a weasel is the ordinary stoat. Only last year, when talking to a keeper about vermin he mentioned weasels. I told him there were none in Ireland; in a few days he came up in triumph with a stoat that he had shot. I would be very glad to hear from you as to whether there are or are not weasels in Ireland? Please excuse me for troubling you, but I take an interest in it owing to having always (up to some ten years ago) thought that the animals that were so common in Ireland were weasels.—R. BOLTON M. CAUSLAND.

#### CANNIBAL SNAILS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps it may interest your correspondent Mr. Spencer Nicholl (who writes in your issue of June 27th with reference to carnivorous slugs) to know that several kinds of slugs and snails are not only carnivorous, but cannibalistic as well. I have found snails, and, I think, slugs also, feeding with great apparent relish on the body of a dead slug that had been crushed, and I have frequently found both enjoying a meal of meat or bread, of the latter of which they seem exceptionally fond. Having bred snails from the egg, which, by the way, I discovered the mother in the act of laying, I noticed that some of the weaklings disappeared almost daily in a most unaccountable manner, although unable to escape from the box in which they were kept, and I can only suppose, therefore, that the stronger members of the family were responsible.—H. V. LEIGH.

#### HEMP AND HIS MASTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Among some of the most interesting exhibits of the Royal Show last week in Newcastle were the sheepdog collies, and chief among them was Hemp, who has been champion seven times of England and Scotland, and, we hope, will be judged again as still worthy of his proud position. His powers of driving sheep and cattle are marvellous, second to none. His master may be said to share an equal distinction among the owners. Though for many years past he has been a familiar figure about the country districts of Northumberland, driving cattle to and from market, yet he has



often been a welcomed guest at the palace of Queen Victoria and King Edward. One of the 13th Dragoons, he served through the Indian Mutiny and also the Russian campaign. Rode in the charge of the Six Hundred, where the 13th in the front rank suffered so severely that history tells that at the sad roll-call four hours after "only ten mounted dragoons were at the muster." Now only nine are left of the Six Hundred, so old Lancey and his dog may well be an interesting feature to readers of your paper, even as he is to his King and Queen.—MAETIE.

#### WASPS' NEST DESTROYED BY BADGERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is the enclosed photograph of a wasp's nest, of which badgers have scratched open and eaten the contents, of any interest to the readers of your paper? Last summer every wasp's nest in this place was robbed by badgers, and they did a great amount of good by stopping the ravages of the wasps on



the plum crop. One nest was taken within 200 yds. of the house; it was a particularly large nest and very deep in the ground, and they returned to this one the next night, finishing up every scrap of comb on their second visit.—FRANCIS PITT.

#### THE RESULTS OF IN-BREEDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to the query of "S. P. L." as to the reason for so many of his pheasant chicks dying as soon as they leave the shell, I write to say that this may possibly be due to his birds suffering from excessive in-breeding. If this is so he will find on examination that the lungs of the chicks are covered with little white spots. A change of blood is the remedy.—H. C. B. U.

#### ENGLISH GOLDFINCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As another assurance to your readers, especially the lovers of the goldfinch, who find themselves about to be disappointed by seeing their favourite Goldie gradually and surely being deprived of his sight, I would relate a case of my own experience. The bird, a splendid singer and two years caged, gradually had his left eye wither away and close up. Then the right eye showed the same signs, and within a fortnight started to look dim and also gradually closed up, leaving the bird totally blind. The song ceased, and with great apparent patience he learnt to find his seed and water; he remained in one position for hours, with the peculiar drooping of the head and then quickly raising it again the whole of the day, similar to a person nodding in a sleep. It seemed almost cruel to allow him to live in what appeared to be torture, but after one year in that mute state he has now commenced his song again. It seems as though the disease of the eyes temporarily affected the power of song.—F. L. MANTHORPE.

#### LACKEY MOTH ON APPLE TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My attention was drawn this morning to the enclosed web on a top branch of a young apple tree; when first examined the surface was a mass of caterpillars (of which a few are still in and on the web), which, directly the branch was touched, sprang off and in some instances gave out a thread like a spider and came down it. Never having seen caterpillars so quick in movement or yet so densely massed in a web, I think it worth while sending it to you, and shall be glad if you can tell me what they are. We have had a long spell (quite a month) of dry weather.—N. T. FLEMING.

[Your apple tree is infested by the caterpillars of an English moth, the lackey moth (*Mulacosoma neustria*). When it is possible to do so, the webs should be cut out of the trees and a box or basket held under the nest to catch any of the caterpillars which fall out. The tree should be sprayed with a solution of paraffin emulsion or arsenate of lead. When the leaves are off the shoots should be examined for the rings of eggs. The females lay their eggs in three or four or more rows, which are placed side by side and quite encircle the shoot or bough like a bracelet, nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in width; these should always be destroyed.—ED.]

#### CHERWELL'S FIRST BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The river Cherwell, so well known to Oxonians, since at Oxford it falls into the Isis, takes its rise in a Northamptonshire parish which

owes its name to this incident within its boundaries. Charwelton is one of the pleasant old-fashioned villages of stone houses, roofed with thatch or with stone tiles, that abound in this Midland district, of which the town of Banbury is the centre, and where no modern industrial development has altered and vulgarised the works of God and man. The picture I send you of Charwelton's little two-arched mediæval bridge and of the adjacent cottages shows that not a stone has been changed since the same scene was engraved for Baker's "History of Northants" nearly a century ago. Though two arches are already needed as a precaution in floodtime, the river has but recently risen when it reaches the bridge, for, as Leland observed, "Cherwell river riseth out of a Well or a little Poole in Cherwelton village, about 7 miles above Banbury, by North North East, and boyleth so fast out from a Head that straight it maketh a Streamlett."—T.

#### EPIDEMIC AMONG YOUNG PHEASANTS.

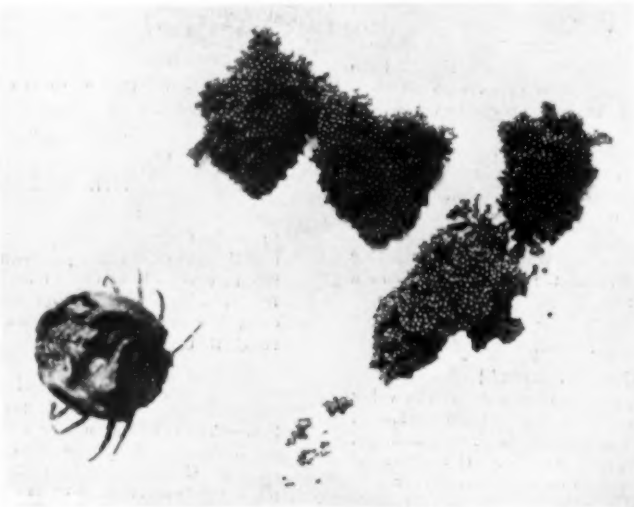
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to "S. P. L.'s" query as to the reason his young birds fail to leave the shell, I have no hesitation in saying that the cause of it is inability to do so through weakness, the latter resulting from the eggs not being sufficiently "aired" during incubation. One cannot well leave the sitting hen off her eggs too long, but one can leave her on them too long. I have the hens taken off their eggs (this hot weather) every morning for a period varying from 45 min. up to 1½ hr., and have put out thirteen birds to a coop from every fifteen eggs set. Stale eggs would also account for dying in the shell if they had been laid for more than about twenty days before being set. Personally, by employing the above means I have not had 2 per cent. die in the shell; but I always put every egg into an incubator, of well-known make, as soon as they start to "chip," and by this means I reckon that as a general rule I succeed in saving the lives of three young birds out of every nest from being crushed to death by the hen. Your correspondent's letter is headed "Epidemic Among Young Pheasants"; but one can hardly talk about an epidemic among birds that have never hatched. "The" epidemic, as a rule, does not manifest itself until from the third to the tenth day after hatching. By "the" epidemic I mean "the frequent and almost continuous closing of the eyes by the young birds, accompanied by a swaying motion. When disturbed, also, they move away about a foot by a movement something between a trot and a creep, and vie with the homer pigeon in its fondness for staying at home!" Call this by whatever name you like (I believe it has been christened "enteritis," which is quite a good term), but I should be interested to correspond with anyone who is losing birds from the symptoms which I have described above.—WILFRID N. UNWIN, Arle Court, near Cheltenham.

#### A TICK AND HER EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A great number of South African stock diseases are transmitted by



ticks. A tick passes through several stages in the course of its life history. The eggs shown in the photograph will hatch into minute larvæ, each having three pairs of legs. The larva, having fed on the blood of a suitable host, will shed its skin and emerge as a nymph which has four pairs of legs. The nymph, in its turn, having fed, moults, and finally develops into the perfect tick, or adult. In many diseases where the causal organism is in the blood of the sick animal, a tick, feeding upon such blood in one stage of its life-cycle, will transmit the disease when biting another host during the next stage of its development. In the case of the disease known as "Texas

fever," an adult tick, having engorged on an ox sick of the disease, will transmit the infection through the eggs to the larva, each larva so hatched being capable of infecting a susceptible ox to which it may attach for the purpose of obtaining food. When the large number of eggs deposited by a single tick is remembered, it is easy to understand how readily a pasture may become infected and how difficult a matter it is to exterminate these tick-borne diseases.—R.

#### A DAIRY AND POULTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As it is extremely difficult to get an unbiased opinion from friends and relatives for one who wishes to start keeping poultry and two or three cows, partly for amusement and partly to make it pay a little, would someone kindly give some hints and opinions? For example: (1) What breed of cows gives the best milk? (2) What breed gives the most

milk and (3) what quality goes with quantity? (4) What should be paid for either and at what age and at what time is it best to get them? (5) Reasons for keeping any particular breed? (6) Method of housing and feeding, winter and summer? How many gallons should each cow give, and how much does the quantity vary according to the season? How much milk makes 1 lb. of butter? etc. As regards poultry: (1) In what sized hen-house and pen should how many hens and cocks be kept? (2) How should they be fed winter and summer? (3) How many eggs should each hen lay according to the season? (4) Which are the best laying hens and which the best sitting hens? (5) What style of houses and pens is best? etc. If anyone would answer these questions, giving suggestions, perhaps recommending some practical book treating of these subjects, also suggesting good places where the necessary appliances could be got for poultry, and for a dairy, such as churns, etc., he would be doing me a favour, besides possibly interesting other readers who may have a leaning in this direction.—TOTO.

#### FOUND IN A HAWTHORN HEDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was bird-nesting with a friend and my camera in Beresford Dale last Friday, and in the course of our rambling I secured the enclosed photograph. The animal in the fork of the hawthorn hedge was a dead rabbit, apparently a day or two old. It lay exactly as shown in the photograph, on an old nest about 4 ft. from the ground. We presumed it had been deposited there recently by an owl or a hawk, which had left other traces, and overlooked in the search for further prey. I trust it will be of sufficient interest for COUNTRY LIFE.—W. H. NITHSDALE.

